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# M'Kean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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## C. M. COLEGROVE SERIOUSLY BURNED TUESDAY EVENING

### Sudden Explosion In Odd Fellows' Hall Building.

### FACE, HAND AND ARM BURNED.

**Stove Full of Gas When He Attempted to Light Fire—Had Been Left Turned On—Narrow Escape for Man and Building.**

C. M. Colegrove was painfully burned early Tuesday evening by a sudden explosion of gas while attempting to light a fire in a stove in the lodge room on the third floor of the I. O. O. F. building, and it is lucky we are not called upon to record a great deal more serious accident.

It was meeting night for the P. H. C. and Mr. Colegrove went up early to light the fires and get everything in readiness for the meeting. When he opened the stove door he did not notice the smell of escaping gas but the instant he attempted to put a lighted match in the stove there was a blinding explosion which hurled Mr. Colegrove back onto the floor and brought the stovepipe down with a crash. As soon as Mr. Colegrove could pick himself up he turned off the throttle to the stove and went at once to see a doctor.

An examination showed that the right side of his face, his right hand and right arm to the elbow were quite badly burned and that his hair, mustache and eyebrow on the right side were burned off. His injuries were dressed and he went to his home. A telephone message from his wife yesterday morning said that he was suffering considerable pain but the doctor was of the opinion that none of the burns were deep enough to leave scars and that he would be well in a few days.

Mr. Colegrove is of the opinion that the gas had been left burning and in some way had been blown out or that it had previously been turned on without lighting and when he opened the stove it was filled with gas.

### News From Harrisburg.

The Republican members of the Senate and House Tuesday morning, in joint caucus, nominated George T. Oliver of Pittsburg for United States Senator to succeed Secretary of State Philander C. Knox. Three votes were cast for James Scarlet of Danville, the capitol case lawyer, and one for Henry C. Niles of York and 200 for Oliver, but after the result was announced a motion was adopted making the nomination of Mr. Oliver unanimous.

The Fair local option bill was defeated in the House of Representatives Tuesday evening by a vote of 137 to 66. This finishes local option for the present session. No effort will be made to consider any of the other local option propositions as the Fair bill was picked for the test.

The vote was preceded by three hours of debate, in which a dozen or more speakers on each side were heard. The hall of the House was crowded with spectators.

Mr. Shreve of Erie has introduced a bill providing for the publication of acts of assembly as they become laws. Such a law should be passed as under the present system the ordinary layman knows nothing of the provisions of the laws he must obey.

### Death of Miss May Dibble.

Miss May Dibble, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Dibble of East Smethport, died at the Kane hospital at 11 o'clock Tuesday evening. She was aged about 18 years and the direct cause of her death was blood poisoning.

Miss Dibble was taken ill several weeks ago and her condition became such that it was deemed necessary to take her to the Kane hospital which was done two weeks ago. There she underwent a delicate operation and for a time it was thought she would recover, but a few days ago blood poisoning developed and she steadily grew worse until her death.

Her remains were brought to the home of her parents yesterday afternoon and the funeral will be held at the Union church, East Smethport, to-morrow afternoon and her remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Besides her parents there survive to mourn her untimely demise, one married sister who lives in Kane and a younger sister and brother, Miss Ona and Master Henry, who reside with their parents.

**For Sale.**

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

## BERT LEONARD SENTENCED.

**Conflicting Stories Told About His Relatives in This Vicinity.**

Bert Leonard, alias Mack, who was arrested while on a visit to his mother at the County Home, mention of which was made last week, was brought before the court in Tioga county last week. A letter from Sheriff Hatfield states that he pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny of the horse as bailee and was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for three years, this being the limit for larceny as bailee.

Shortly after the MINER was mailed last week one of our subscribers called up the office and asked us where we got our authority for stating that Leonard's mother was an inmate at the County Home. After giving the source of our information, the lady at the other end of the line was much perplexed. She said that she and other members of her family knew Leonard's mother and two sisters very well and that Mrs. Leonard was dead; that members of her family attended the funeral of this estimable lady at Colegrove about two years ago; that Bert Leonard came to see his mother during her last illness, and that he now has two sisters, both of whom are highly esteemed and with whom she is well acquainted, living in Norwich township. The lady who gave us the above story is perfectly sincere in the matter and thoroughly believes that her story is correct.

On the other hand we afterward interviewed a gentleman who is pretty well acquainted with Leonard and his record and he is just as positive that his mother is Mrs. Mack, who is now an inmate of the County Home. He stated to us on Tuesday that Mrs. Mack was formerly married to a man named Leonard and that Bert was a son by this marriage and that after she married Mack, Bert sometimes went by that name. He gave quite a bit of history of the family which in some respects corresponds with that given by our lady informant, but they differ on the essential points.

Personally the writer knows nothing about this family history, but we would very much like to know the real facts in this case. Are there two Bert Leonards? Can anyone throw any light on the subject?

Just before going to press we were informed by lady above mentioned that there are two Bert Leonards and that each of the above parties were talking about different people.

### Died From Exposure.

About 10 o'clock Thursday night William F. Schell of Lancaster, Pa., a salesman for an electric sign company, accompanied by Claud Lobaugh and W. F. Ryan, started to walk from Ridgway to Stevens Run, camp, a distance of seven miles. The night was cold and stormy and before the trio could reach their destination they became exhausted and later discovered that they had lost the road which leads to the camp. Schell walked until he could go no farther, and then lay down in the snow. Lobaugh started for assistance, while Ryan remained with Schell to keep the man alive.

Lobaugh wandered about the woods until daylight and finally found two woodsmen, who hurried back to the place where Schell and Ryan had been left. They found Schell unconscious and Ryan just able to talk.—Heroic measures were adopted to resuscitate Schell and although he showed signs of life, he did not regain consciousness. Later in the day one of the woodsmen went the Ridgway and a conveyance was sent into the woods and returned with Schell, Ryan and Lobaugh.

Schell was taken to the Ridgway hospital where he died without regaining consciousness. There are many rumors as to the object of the men starting on a seven-mile tramp on such a night and the case is being investigated by the coroner.

### Services at M. E. Church.

The Rev. W. A. Harris began last Sunday morning a series of sermons on Passion Week. These sermons will be continued every Sunday until Easter. The series is as follows:

March 7th. "Sunday, the Day of Triumph." "Monday, the Day of Authority."

March 14th. "Tuesday, the Day of Conflict." "Wednesday, the Day of Retirement."

March 21st. "Thursday, The Last Day With the Disciples. (1) The Last Supper. (2) The Farewell Addresses.

March 28th. "Friday, the Day of Suffering." (1) The Trial. (2) The Crucifixion.

April 4th. "Saturday, the Day in the Tomb." (1) The Watch at the Tomb. (2) The Disciples.

April 11th. "Sunday, the Day of Resurrection." (1) The Resurrection. (2) Jesus Appears to the Disciples.

**Horses for Sale.**

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

## CUTLERY PLANT MAY BE SOLD IN FEW DAYS.

### Parties Have Been Negotiating for It for Some Time.

### THEY MAY BE HERE THIS WEEK.

**If Plant is Sold It Will be Operated Hereafter a Long Term of Years—Price Is Practically Agreed Upon If All Stockholders Will Consent to Sell.**

It looks now as though the Smethport Cutlery factory, which has been idle for a long time, may be sold in a few days to thoroughly practical men in this business and if this deal is consummated this plant will be started in operation in a short time with a large force of men with good prospects of its running full time for a long term of years.

For the past three months Horace H. Redfield has been corresponding with these parties relative to the sale of this plant and matters have progressed so far that these prospective buyers are expected here in a few days to look over the plant and if it proves satisfactory after inspection a deal will be closed at once.

The committee that was given power to dispose of this plant, of which Mr. Redfield is a member, has offered it at a very reasonable figure and we feel certain that the prospective buyers will realize that they have a good thing and take advantage of it without delay.

On the other hand it will be a good thing for the stockholders if the plant is sold at the proposed price, because there is a mortgage against it that will be foreclosed in a short time unless something is done with the plant so that the holders of this mortgage can get their interest; and if the plant was sold at forced sale to satisfy this mortgage the chances are that it would not bring enough to pay the claim, let alone allow the stockholders anything.

Of course if this deal goes through the stockholders will be losers on the original investment, but as half a loaf is better than none, we as one of the stockholders think it is the best thing to do.

### Keith Dalrymple Lost.

The following unusual story is taken from the Port Allegany Reporter and will be of interest to many of our readers who have known the well-known family for years:

An Associated Press dispatch to a Buffalo paper, dated March 1st at New Orleans, La., made the announcement that young Keith Dalrymple of Port Allegany, Pa., for whom detectives have been looking all over the country for the past seven or eight months, had been found at Slidell, a small town near New Orleans. This (Friday) afternoon, the Reporter called up John Deusenbury, the lad's guardian, at Portville, and asked about the matter. Mr. Deusenbury had seen the article in the Buffalo papers but had heard nothing from it, and personally did not believe the person was Keith at all.

Some time ago Mr. Deusenbury had circulars printed, describing the boy the best he could and sent them out broadcast, offering a reward of fifteen hundred dollars, and such dispatches are liable to be frequent from now on, so every strange boy of that age that meets the circular's description is liable to be interviewed and the nearer to the description the longer will be the dispatch. There are many people who do not believe that Keith will ever be found.

When Mr. Dalrymple died he left a large estate in trust for his two sons, Hugh and Keith, both minors. A much larger estate had been left in trust fourteen years previous, or in February, 1891, for these two boys by their grandfather, Fitz Henry Arnold. For that will and trust John Deusenbury and Edwin P. Dalrymple were executors; Mr. Deusenbury being rather of a silent executor, Mr. Dalrymple handling and building up the fortune for the boys as well as to make a fortune for himself.

When he died in New York, in a will and trust fund made hurriedly, he made Mr. Deusenbury and his eldest son, Hugh, executors. Judge Morrison in the probate of the will refused to recognize Hugh as an executor on account that he was a minor and Mr. Deusenbury did the entire business for the entire estate. On reaching his majority Hugh took his position as executor with Mr. Deusenbury and together they have handled the big estate. Hugh married the woman who had been a nurse in the family for several years and young Keith made his home with them in the big Dalrymple house on Main street. Neighbors talked about how Keith was used in the home. He was apparently a gentlemanly little fellow, but from the race of Arnold, one had a right to judge him as mischievous. Reports of Keith's home life reached his grandmother in Los Angeles, Cal., and she came east and took him home with her and as we remember it now, unbeknown to the rest of the family. A year or so later while visiting in an adjoining state with one Doc. Palmer, a relative, he mysteriously disappeared. Not a trace of him has been found nor a word heard from him. He went out as though he had been swallowed up by the earth. And so it remains.

### GEORGE BAKER DIES.

**Passed Away in Terrible Agony Sunday Afternoon.**

George Baker, aged about 39 years, died suddenly in a barn belonging to Thomas Van Sickles on Bush hill at six o'clock Sunday evening, after suffering terrible agony from epileptic fits for over three hours.

On Saturday, Baker was seen about town with friends and was apparently in good health. Sunday morning he went to the home of Thomas Van Sickles and stayed with him for dinner. He was apparently feeling as good as ever and he ate an unusually large meal. Shortly after dinner, Baker, Van Sickles, and a couple of other men went out to the barn and almost immediately upon arriving there, Baker was suddenly stricken with an epileptic fit and fell to the floor. His companions knew that he was subject to this malady and did what little they could to ease his suffering, thinking that he would soon recover, as he had in many previous instances. But one fit followed another in rapid succession until he expired at 9:10 in the evening.

A doctor, the coroner and Undertaker Susse were notified in turn, and after receiving word from Coroner Sherman that an inquest was unnecessary, his remains were removed to the home of his sister, Mrs. Byron Ostrander, who resides on Link hill, where they were prepared for burial.

The deceased was unmarried and is survived by one sister, mentioned above, and several cousins. He was a large man physically and was a powerful man, but a few years ago when in an accident he lost a leg.

His remains were laid at rest in the Grimes cemetery, near Port Allegany, Rev. Peter Bowers conducting the funeral services at the Grimes church at 1 p. m. Wednesday.

### A Birthday Surprise at Coryville.

On Tuesday, March 2nd, twenty-three ladies, relatives and neighbors of Mrs. Amelia Frisbee, gathered at her home in Moody Hollow to celebrate the anniversary of her 74th birthday.

To say that she was surprised would be to say the least. At noon the company sat down to a table laden with the good things the ladies had provided. In the center of the table was a beautiful birthday cake. After dinner Mrs. V. Underwood in behalf of the visitors presented Mrs. Frisbee with a small box of silver dimes to the amount of $2.50.

Only two gentlemen were present, her pastor, Rev. R. Somersgill and her brother, Gilbert Moody. After a pleasant social hour Rev. Somersgill conducted devotional services and Mr. Moody gave a brief history of the Moody family.

Mrs. Frisbee has a large circle of warm friends and relatives, she having lived in this vicinity nearly all her life. She came to Farmers Valley with her parents from Broom county, N. Y., when only three years of age and lived at the old homestead in Farmers Valley until about four years ago when she came to this place to make her home with her son, Thomas Taylor.

She is the mother of six children, three of whom are living; has twenty-five grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Frisbee is hale and hearty for one of her years and her many friends hope she may be spared to enjoy many years of happiness and usefulness in her home and the church of which she is a devoted member.

### Forth Class Postmaster Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on Saturday, March 27, 1909, an examination will be held at Smethport, Pa., for the position of fourth class postmaster of class (b) at East Smethport, Pa. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $379 for the last fiscal year.

Age limit, 21 years and over on the date of the examination.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the postoffice named above.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from East Smethport postoffice or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington within 7 days before the date of the examination, otherwise it may be impracticable to examine the applicants.

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## MAN BROUGHT UNCONSCIOUS TO COUNTY HOME

### Was Suffering from Epileptic Fits and Poisoning.

### HE IS IMPROVING AT PRESENT.

**George Smith Found at Larabee in Comatose State—His Case at First Baffled Physicians.**

On Monday the County Commissioners received word from Larabee that a man was there at the point of death and Commissioner Devlin went there at once and brought the man to Smethport, placing him in the County Home. He was in a comatose state and all efforts to arouse him were fruitless despite the fact that everything known to medical science was used to restore him to consciousness.

While he lay there in this condition stimulants were given him and finally on Wednesday morning he regained consciousness and was sufficiently strong to tell something about himself. He said his name is George Smith, 25 years of age and that he had come to this country from England six years ago. He is subject to epileptic fits and says that he is in the habit of taking chloral to ward them off when he feels that he is about to have an attack of this terrible malady.

From what the young man told the doctor and his attendants at the County Home they are of the opinion that he was poisoned by an overdose of chloral and that together with the effects of the fit left him in this condition, and that it was very fortunate that he survived the shock of both.

At the present time Mr. Smith is improving rapidly and unless some complications develop he will be able to leave the Home in a few days, as well as he was before being stricken down at Larabee.

### Death of J. M. Robinson.

James Monroe Robinson, who died at his home near Hazelhurst Thursday, March 4, brief mention of which was made last week, was a member of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., and his funeral was largely attended by that body and members of the G. A. R. from this place. His Smethport friends secured a special train over the P., S. & N. R. R. and attended the services at the house which were held at 1 p. m., Saturday and followed his remains to their last resting place beside those of his wife in the Kusson cemetery. Of his life and character we reprint the following true words from the Mt. Jewett Herald:

J. M. Robinson was the son of James S. and Lucy Jayne Robinson, and was born at Lennoxville, Pa., February 8th, 1838. His youth was spent in the vicinity of Lennoxville, but in his young manhood he came to this county, working first at his trade of carpenter, at Ceres, Pa. On August 26th, 1863, he was united in marriage with Ella A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. B. White of Marvin creek, and on the following day enlisted in the 150th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers—the Bucktails—and marched forth to battle until the end of hostilities in defense of the flag.

At the solicitation of his father-in-law he accepted the active management of the home farm at the close of the war, and became a tiller of the soil which occupation, with the exception of several years devoted to the meat business, and others to acting as woods foreman for concerns engaged in lumbering operations in this locality, he followed to the end.

His wife, who had long been an invalid, dying February 1st, 1898. He is survived by four children, two sons and two daughters: Holly C.; A. J.; Mrs. Lester DeShetler, all of Hazelhurst, and Bertha Robinson of Rochester, N. Y.; four brothers and one sister: Dewitt of Floetville, Pa.; Elry and Daniel of Lennoxville, Pa.; Milo of Doylestown, Pa., and Elsie of Lennoxville.

Above we have set forth a brief outline of the career of this man, and the certain assurance of his death, and then remembering that, every man dies to the degree that he loses his friends, the day takes on a large measure of that spirit which must come to each when there remains but the one last pressure of the hand, the one last good night.

But when all is said and done, and we are called to remember that those who remain, are but a few steps in the rear on the short path, is it worth while that we sorrow? Is it not better, remembering the great measure of good that was the main wealth of him who has gone before, that we rejoice that he lived? And certain it is that there are many who may bear testimony to the goodness of this man, and therefore rejoice.

Not the goodness of the professing Christian—he was of the non-professing kind. He was a doer of good. He was of the stamp who find pleasure in shouldering large portions of the burdens of those who are heavy ladened, that they may not fall by the way. And as for sorrowing, was there ever in all the world a more cheerful spirit? And what did this imply? It has long since been written that, cheerfulness means a contented spirit, it means a kind [illegible] loving disposition, it [illegible] and charity, it [illegible] ciation of others [illegible] of self. In short, it is the outward form of inward good, and this man possessed both as it is given to but few.

It has been said that, a friend is he who sets his heart upon us; is happy with us, and delights in us; does what we want, is willing and fully engaged to do all he can for us, on whom we can rely in ally cases. And to those who have enjoyed this man's acquaintance and respect, this must come as his biography.

Full of years, but never old, he held his gait along the way to the last, lending help and spreading good in smiles and cheering tones. His disposition was akin to that of the birds which apparently rely so nearly for sustenance upon their creater, than of mankind in general. And yet, with all the good of his life, in his death he has gone the step in advance, in the creation in the breasts of those who knew him of a yet stronger hope, which is but another term for faith, that he is not lost to them, but waiting.

### Grange Telephone Lines.

The farmers organized a telephone association at Coryville on Friday of last week, to be known as The Grange Telephone Association. The proposed line to run from Coryville to Smethport, taking in Kent Hollow, Reed Hollow, Moody Hollow and up each side of Potato creek, the west side as far as Farmers Valley and on the east side as far as the Bola Forman farm, or what is known as Crosstire Crossing. The Bell Telephone Company will rent their poles to the Grange Company from Crosstire Crossing to Smethport. This will give all the farmers in that vicinity free service to all places in Smethport, providing they own their own 'phones and pay three dollars each per year to the Bell Co. for the exchange at Smethport. There are some, of course, who are hanging fire on this enterprise not realizing the real benefit derived in doing business with different ones by saving many trips to town taking a half day's time that could be done in five minutes and remain at home. A great many thought the free mail delivery useless before it started, but they would not like to see it taken away now.

The executive committee met at the Grange rooms on Tuesday of this week, and the following are the officers of the Association: James Bray, president; Fred E. Cleveland, vice president; Henry J. Rice, secretary; A. B. Armstrong, treasurer. There were also three auditors and nine directors elected. The president, vice president, secretary and treasurer and the nine directors forming the executive committee.

At the meeting of the executive committee held Tuesday it was decided to begin work getting out poles, the right-of-way being all promised, some being conditional, but nothing that would seem to be an obstruction to the work. Applicants for stock in the line have been referred to the secretary, so it seems that the places of a few who are thinking of dropping out can be filled.

**PRINTER WANTED!**

We want a first-class Ad. and straight matter man. Steady work and good wages to right party. No boozers need apply. Address,

THE MINER,
Smethport, Pa.

**Snow Goods for Sale!**

at rock bottom prices. One set surrey bob sleds; one set 3-seat bob sleighs; one set Dickey bobs with pole or shafts; three good 2nd-hand Portland cutters; five new Portland cutters; two handy business cutters.

We want the room these goods occupy and will make very close prices for quick delivery.

A. T. PALMER.

For Rent—My farm, (formerly occupied by Patrick McCabe, deceased) on Prospect Hill. 52 acres under cultivation good land and nearly all on the level; good orchard and sugar bush; house plumbed with natural gas; rent reasonable. Mary E. Kingsley, Salamanca, N. Y.

**For Sale Cheap.**

Two wood stoves in good condition. One dress form as good as new. All will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

If you want the best educational advantages at reasonable cost, write to the Principal of the Clarion State Normal School for terms. Teachers' Preparatory Courses a special feature of the Spring Term, March 23rd.

The advantages offered at Edinboro are the very best for teachers. Send for catalog. Spring term begins March 30. John F. Bigler, Prin.

# Natural Gas And Miranda.

By MARY ALDINE

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Mr. Samuel Perkins, assisted by two Italians, all with their coats and vests off and perspiring profusely, was boring an artesian well on his farm.

Suddenly the drill was forced out of the ground. There followed a great puff of vapor that had the odor of bad eggs and sulphur mixed together. Mr. Perkins had struck a natural gas well.

A month later Mrs. Perkins was saying to him:

"Samuel, remember that we spell our name Pe-r-k-i-n-s, also that a month hence we sail for Europe. We've got money, and we've got a daughter Miranda. We are going to give her a chance."

"A chance for what?" asked the husband, who was trying to get used to wearing a collar and a coat around the house.

"To get polished up and to marry some one worthy of her. You needn't sit there thinking that a few weeks ago Miranda was hanging out the clothes. We've struck natural gas, and that makes a difference. We sail in four weeks."

"I did kinder think we might go to Niagara Falls for a week or so"—he said as he rubbed his chin.

"What's Niagara Falls to people with money? What are they to Miranda? Samuel Perkins, can't you realize that you struck gas?"

"I know I did."

"We are climbing for the top of the ladder. We can't be kept down. Haven't you got it through your head yet? It's Europe and polish. It's Europe and a husband for Miranda. If them Chicago butchers can take their daughters to Europe and marry them off to lords and dukes, why can't we?

"Isn't natural gas just as high toned as pork chops? You keep a coat on and your shoes black and get used to looking like somebody and leave the rest to me."

Mr. Perkins would rather have sat on the steps of the village and related for the fifty hundredth time what his emotions were when he struck gas, but he was glad to get to Europe.

Miranda [illegible] a surprising lack of interest [illegible]. Perkins did the thing with a [illegible]. She had a [illegible] sitting in a corner [illegible] hay ing as little [illegible] say the hay land and [illegible] a fuss.

In due time [illegible] ested in things [illegible] so interested that one evening, after they had been in London for a fortnight, he asked his wife:

"Mary, are we hitting the pike all right?"

"Hitting the pike!" she repeated in scornful tones. "Samuel, cut the pike and other things out. Miranda and me are watching ourselves every minute, and you want to do the same. Don't you leave the spoon in the cup when you drink your coffee, and don't tuck your table napkin clear up under your ears. If you spoil Miranda's chance I'll never forgive you."

"But what I want to know is has any feller come around yet?" persisted the husband.

"No, not exactly. But I've noticed different ones looking at her and sorter edging around. You leave that part of it to us, and you tend to yours. Whenever you can, you just drop in a word about natural gas and millions."

"Oh, I won't spoil nobody's chances. I didn't want to come at first, but now that I've got over here I rayther like it. Makes a feller feel as if he was somebody to have a boy ready at every turn to brush off his coat.

"I guess I'd be proud to have a lord or a duke for a son-in-law. That's Miranda's lowest figger, hain't it? She hain't coming over here and then take up with no hayseed!"

It was Paris after four weeks in London, and there was a continual improvement in the family. Miranda and her mother picked up as much as one French word a day, and the husband and father left his fears behind him and assumed a little swagger and a patronizing air that sat well on him.

He had struck natural gas at home simply by accident. He reasoned that he might strike a husband for Miranda abroad in the same way. Therefore whenever he came across any one who would listen to him and who could speak English he introduced gas wells into the conversation.

It was always in the plural. It was never one gas well, but half a dozen. He also tried his best to make the head waiter understand the gas question, and if he did not succeed entirely he at least elicited the exclamation:

"Gas from the ground, mon dieu! And each well $1,000,000! How you must suffer with so much money!"

"Yes, a heap of suffering, but I grit my teeth and stand it."

When Mrs. Parkins announced that they were to leave Paris for a resort in the Alps, Mr. Parkins had his opportunity to ask:

"Any feller in sight yet?"

"Samuel, hain't you got no polish in these last two months?" demanded the wife.

"Of course I have."

"Then show some of it. No gentleman would speak in that brutal manner. I'm glad Miranda was not here."

"Well, has any lord or duke been making up to her?"

"Making up! Making up! Humph! Mr. Parkins, are you in Europe or Texas? My daughter Miranda cannot be made up to. I catch your meaning, however, and in order that you may not use any more such expressions let me say that I'm not worrying."

"You mean—"

"I mean that we are going to Switzerland to stop for a month or more at the same hotel with a lord."

"By George, but you don't mean it!" exclaimed the husband. "How in thunder did you bring it about?"

"Samuel!"

"Yes, but that's a cute trick of yours. You'll have him penned right up."

"Samuel Parkins!" cried the wife as she flushed up.

"Oh, well, I won't say nothing more. You'n Miranda go right ahead, and I'll back you with natural gas enough to run all France. I guess it hain't for me to mix in."

Just how Mrs. Parkins located the lord doesn't matter. For a five franc piece Parisian chambermaids have been known to locate a whole duke. He wasn't registered as a lord, but that wasn't expected. He would be incog. Mr. Parkins took it that any of the forty men around the hotel might be his lordship, but the wife, with the keener intuition of her sex, spotted the right man within twenty-four hours.

Then Mr. Parkins came to the front like a man. He introduced himself to the victim and talked of America and gas wells and dollars. There was enthusiasm in his voice as he talked of the gas that would continue to pour out of the earth for centuries to come, and he worked up considerable pathos over the admission that he hadn't enough wells to supply over half the United States. Mr. Parkins had done his full share. The rest devolved upon other shoulders.

A day or two later his lordship strolled up a mountain path by himself. A little later Mrs. Parkins and Miranda strolled up the same path. His lordship was overtaken just in time to rescue Miranda from walking out on an overhanging rock that would have surely given way with her weight and dropped her into the valley a mile below.

The half fainting girl and the shattered mother were assisted down the path to the hotel, and Mr. Parkins found them in bed to recover from the shock. He heard the story and then rushed downstairs. When he appeared half an hour later there was a bland smile on his face, and he was rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Parkins, what have you done?" asked the wife as she sat up in bed. "Have you been saying anything to his lordship?"

"Now, don't you folks get into a swent about me," replied Mr. Parkins. "Mebbe I haven't polished up quite as fast as you have over here, but I know when to do the right thing for at that."

"And you've seen the lord?"

"I have."

"And talked with him?"

"For sure. Yes, sir—had quite a talk with him."

"Samuel Parkins, what did you say?" asked the wife as she sat up straighter and a look of fear came into her eyes.

"What should I say under the circumstances? I thanked him from the bottom of my heart for saving Miranda's life. You don't think I spoke about the weather, do you?"

"And what else, Samuel?"

"What else, pa?"

"I offered him $25 in cold cash."

Two shrieks shrilled out in chorus, and two females went into mild hysterics, only Miranda's was suspiciously like laughter, while her mother's was the real thing. It was a long minute that Mr. Parkins stood there, hands in pockets and wondering what had happened. Then his wife forced back her emotions and faintly asked:

"And—and—what?"

"And he took it and said, 'Thank ye!'"

Two days later as they sat in the train bound for home Mr. Parkins noticed a tear stealing down Mrs. Parkins' cheek. He turned to her and asked:

"Ain't you feeling chipper today?"

"Chipper! Chipper! How could I feel chipper?" exclaimed Mrs. Parkins in fierce tones.

"Dunno, but you mustn't blame me. I didn't know that he was a lord that went about saving human lives for cash on the nail! And, anyway, Miranda kin marry Joshua Rawlins to home. He writes to me that he's going to give up farming because he's struck gas too."

And Miranda squeezed his hand and whispered, "You do everything just right, pa."

### The Facetious Suburbanite.

The second story man had climbed into the front window of the facetious suburbanite's villa and was engaged in rifling the latter's pockets of such random possessions as were to be found therein.

"Ah, good evening, my friend," said the facetious suburbanite from the depths of his bedclothes. "Aren't you working overtime?"

"We can't help it in our business, governor," replied the burglar. "We ain't got no regularly organized hours of work. It's to do while you can with us, day and night."

"That's a shame!" said the facetious suburbanite. "You ought to get together and form a burglars' union for your own protection."

"We ain't a trade," retorted the burglar scornfully. "We're an industry."

"Then you should be incorporated into the steel trust," said the facetious suburbanite.

Whereupon the midnight marauder laughed so long and loud that he was overheard by the policeman on the corner, who, recognizing the laugh, immediately fled to a place of safety.—Judge.

### Prayers For Rain.

"Shall we have prayer for rain, Thomas?" asked the vicar of the clerk during a protracted drought.

"Oh, sir, you do exactly as you please!"

"But don't you think it would be a good thing? Rain is badly wanted."

"You do as you please, sir. You'd better 'ave it if so be as you do want it."

"But, Thomas, you don't seem to realize the necessity for having the prayer."

"Bless you, sir! You 'ave that there prayer if you be so set on it, but it won't rain till the moon do change."—London Academy.

### A Home Trader.

A surgeon in a town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he were willing to have only a local anaesthetic.

"Sure," replied the other. "I believe in patronizing home industry wherever you can."

And he meant it.—Lippincott's.

### A Diplomat.

Landlord—How did you manage to rent that microscopic flat to Mrs. Hunter? Agent—Dead easy. When I showed her the little rooms I told her they were all closets, and she was so pleased that she forgot to look for rooms.—Exchange.

### Death and Snuff.

A certain Margaret Wilson of Westminster, who was an inveterate snuff taker, enjoined that a quantity of Scotch snuff should be placed in her coffin. She also ordered that the arrangements connected with her funeral should be as follows: "Six men to be my bearers who are known to be the greatest snuff takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster. Instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff colored beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for the purpose and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance to bear my pall, each to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they go along." Snuff was also to be thrown on the threshold of deceased's dwelling before the cortege passed out, snuff was to be strewn on the ground at every twenty yards in advance of the coffin, and the officiating clergyman's fee was to be proportionate to the quantity of snuff he consumed during the ceremony.—London Globe.

### What the Peruvians Believed.

A unique idea of the future state was that of the ancient Peruvians. As the disembodied soul winged its way to eternity it encountered two rocks, upon one of which it must needs rest. The choice was determined by the morality of the life in the flesh. If it rested upon the left hand rock it was instantly translated to "To," or oblivion, a state analogous to the Nirvana of the orient. If through early misdeeds, however, the unhappy spirit was guided to the right hand rock it entered into a purgatorial hell where fiends grated away the flesh from all the bones in succession, after which the skeleton was reclothed and sent back to earth for another try. There was no haste about this grating process. It took something over 10,000 years.

### Australia's First Theater.

The first recorded production of a play in Australia took place in June of the year 1789. It was called "The Recruiting Officer." The proceeds of the first pay night (some £20) went to the family of a man who had been drowned. In January, 1796, a rough and ready playhouse was opened, and the public had to pay a shilling a head for admission. The payments were made in kind, wheat, flour or rum taking the place of the usual currency.—London Standard.

### Disappearing Home Life.

The flat dweller ought not to keep a dog, prefers not to keep a cat, cannot have a garden, has no chance of keeping house, has no possible place for memories and, most emphatic of all, has no use or accommodation for babies. Although it may be possible to make homes without kittens or babies or flowers or memories or cupboards, the spirit of home is hard to woo and win without any of them.—Fortnightly Review.

### Natufal History.

"Whah is you been workin'?" asked Miss Miggi Brown.

"I'p to one o' deshere garridges whar dey keep de automobiles."

"I s'pose you likes 'em better dan mules."

"Well, de diff'unce is dats a mule kicks wif his hin' feet an' de automobile is po' white trash butt same as a goat." Washington Star.


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**McKean County Miner**

Smethport, Thursday, March 11, 1909.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL

—See the new advertisement of Bard & Cheney of Port Allegany in another column.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church are going to have a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store Saturday, March 13, to begin at 2:30 p. m.

—Two colored boys attending the Jamestown public school quarreled one day last week, and Harold Robinson stabbed George Young so severely that he is in the hospital in a precarious condition.

—The H. G. Hutchenson carriage and blacksmith shops in Olean, N. Y., were sold to Jesse Goodrich of Olean; the Miss Ida Kibbe farm on the Windfall was sold to Obert Hunt of Canadea, N. Y., and the Joseph Carney farm of 206 acres was sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to A. E. Coon of Little Genesee, N. Y.

—Three hundred bluejackets from the battleships of the North Atlantic squadron were entertained at tea by Miss Helen Gould at the Naval Branch of the Young Men's Christian Assn. in New York last Sunday. Mrs. Russel Sage would have helped Miss Gould receive the bluejackets had she not recently broken her arm. Both ladies are great favorites with the boys of the Navy.

—Mrs. Frances Morse, aged 99 years and three months, died Friday at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Chas. Friedman, of illness incidental to old age. Funeral services were held at the Friedman residence Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock and the remains taken on the 7:45 train to Java, N. Y., wher interment took place. Deceased is survived by one son, Charles Morse, and two grandchildren, Allen Morse and Mrs. Chas. Friedman, all of Eldred.—Eldred Eagle.

—F. C. Malby, editor and proprietor of this paper, underwent an operation for appendicitis last week Thursday. He is rapidly improving and it is to be hoped that he will soon be able to be about again. Doff your lids, brother (and sister) editors. Talk about your automobiles and 3000 circulations! We've got them all beat. WE have had an operation for appendicitis. Now get in line and see how many country editors enjoy the same distinction. Compos' note.—Galeton Democrat.

—The Smithfield Street Methodist Episcopal church at Pittsburg was damaged by fire to the extent of $15,000 Sunday evening.

—Mrs. Harry Wiltsie who underwent a delicate and dangerous operation at the hands of Drs. McGranor and Cook at her home over the river the forepart of the week, is gaining nicely and her complete recovery is looked for.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A boy who lived with his mother in the woods at a lonely point in Eldred township, Jefferson county, died last week and it was said that the cause was starvation. The body remained unburied until neighbors heard of the affair and laid away the remains several days later. The poor old mother will be removed to the county home now that attention has been drawn to her destitution.—Reynoldsville Star.

—Miss Mary B. Duclos, an eccentric maiden lady, died recently in Hartford, Conn., and among other terms of her will she left $32,500 to pay for the care of her pet horse which is now 28 years old. By the terms of her will James Moriarity, her coachman, is to receive $1,500 per year for the care of the horse so long as the animal shall live and $800 per year from the time of the horse's death until Moriarity follows to that bourne, etc. Moriarity is feeding the horse on cereals and cream in order to prolong its life.

—The First Presbyterian church at Kittanning was entirely destroyed by fire early Sunday morning. The fire, following closely after the sudden death of the Rev. H. L. Mayers, D. D., pastor of the church for nearly 28 years, on February 28 last, has rendered the congregation without a pastor or a home. Since Dr. Mayers' death the church has been in mourning. Under Dr. Mayers' pastorate the edifice was erected and it was generally regarded as a monument to his zeal and perseverance. It was built at a cost of about $90,000, and was constructed of stone interlaid with brick and occupied half an acre of ground on one of the prominent corners of the town. The interior was finished in oak and redwood. The edifice was insured for $38,500.

This is the most dangerous time of the year to catch cold, and it is the hardest time to cure it. If you should take cold a few doses of Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, will not very promptly. Its laxative principle cures the cold by driving it from the system by a gentle but natural action of the bowels. Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes so good, nearly like maple sugar. It is sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

## THE SPEEDING BULLET.

### It Waves the Air as a Mystic Ship Does the Water.

Marked changes occur in a bullet fired from a gun after it has been acted upon by the force of the explosion in the barrel. Its surface has become clean, bright and highly polished by the removal of the superficial layers of the sheath, and its temperature has been raised both by the friction against the barrel and by the enkindled gases. Because of this rise in temperature it is thoroughly sterilized and totally destitute of bacteria. Standing behind a twelve inch gun one can easily follow the flight of the projectile with the naked eye.

Under favorable circumstances and with the aid of a telescope it is possible to catch a glimpse of even the small bore bullet as it flashes through the air. Photographs, or, rather, shadowgraphs, of the .311 inch bullet traveling with a speed of over 2,000 feet a second show the cup of condensed gas, about one-tenth of an inch thick, which clothes the nose of a projectile when it is in rapid motion through a gaseous medium.

Minute rotating spherules of gas showing motion remain behind and map out the path of the bullet. These lines and eddies recall forcibly the bow and stern waves made by a ship in motion and the numerous little whirlpools that may be seen in its wake.—Chicago News.

## RESCUE WORK AT SEA.

### Quick Time in Launching and Manning the Big Lifeboats.

Aboard an ocean liner the other day several officers were talking about the length of time required to launch and man one of the large lifeboats that swing from davits sixty feet above the sea. It was agreed that a boat can be lowered with its crew and get away from the ship in two minutes in anything like decent weather.

An instance was related where a man had fallen from the liner while she was speeding 14 knots. The alarm was sounded, a boat lowered and the swimmer rescued after a considerable row back over the course to where he was floundering about. The crew had the rescued individual back to the ship with the boat in its chocks in just seventeen minutes, which is regarded a most creditable performance. There was no let on the rope falls to hamper the work and everything worked smoothly or the boat would have been much longer on its mission.

A steamship of 10,000 tons when going at full speed has momentum enough right to carry her at least two miles after the engines are stopped, providing the sea is fairly quiet. Crews of lifeboats frequently have hard work cut out for them while going to a rescue before the headway of their vessel has been stopped.—Boston Herald.

### The True American Virtue.

The thing whereby America really towers over the old country is the thing which Jefferson reared and Washington defended. The solid good of America is that when all is said and done she is a republic, a public thing and a people representing itself. There are men rich enough and strong enough, almost, to starve America, but there are no men strong enough to silence America. No oligarchy acts as an entirely false interpreter between Americans and the world. America and the Americans may be right or wrong. But England may actually be wrong—while Englishmen are right. We have said, then, that the true American virtue is this candid and complete democracy, the fact that the truth may be told even if it is not believed.—Hampton's Magazine.

### Wise to Their Habits.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the book canvasser to the lady who had opened the door in answer to his ring, "but if you have a few moments to spare I'd like to show you the great work on the 'Habits of Savage Animals.'"

"No use wasting your time, young man," replied the female. "I've been married three times and know all about their habits."—Chicago News.

### Not Well Named.

"Now, where shall I lay my rat, I wonder?" fretted Mrs. Trousseau.

"Your—er—rat?" said her husband. "Do you mean that fluffy thing you put on your head?"

"Of course!"

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear. But why call it a rat? Rabbit would be better. It would sound more like real hare."—Lippincott's.

### Not Implicated.

"But, my lord, 'e said it was 'im what stole the 'orse."

"What were his exact words? Did he say, 'I stole the horse?'"

"Oh, no, my lord! Your lordship's name was never mentioned."—London Scraps.

### A Ready Example.

Sapleigh—Queer fellahs, these poets. There's the one, for instance, who speaks on "an aching void." Now, how can there be an aching void? Miss Blunt—Have you never had a headache, Mr. Sapleigh?—Boston Transcript.

### Valueless.

Fluffy Young Thing—I'd like to prepay the express on this package. Express Company's Agent—What's the value? Fluffy Young Thing—Nothing, sir. It's a bundle of letters. I'm sending them back to him.—Chicago Tribune.

Whoever pays you more court than he is accustomed to pay either intends to deceive you or finds you necessary to him.—Courtenay.


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## WHEN WOMAN RULED.

### The Maternal System of Descent and Female Supremacy.

"Professor Thomas, in 'Sex and Society,' tells us that 'the maternal system of descent is found in all parts of the world where social advance stands at a certain level, and the evidence warrants the assumption that every group which advances to a culture state passes through this stage,'" says the Duchess of Marlborough in the North American Review.

"In Australia and Africa, with few exceptions, descent was formerly reckoned in the female line; on the continent of America, in China and Japan traces of this system are found, and in parts of India it is still in full force. Among the American Indian tribes and the aborigines of Australia missionaries and ethnologists are able to bear witness that 'the women were the great power among the clans as everywhere else.'

"As a natural consequence laws of rank and property follow the strictest maternal line, and women had in some cases the right to dismiss their husbands, keeping the children to succeed themselves and be members of their own clan.

"And after the establishment of the male system the women still held property—a survival from maternal times. A form of divorce pronounced by a husband was 'Begone, for I will no longer drive thy flocks to the pasture!'"

## A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

### How It Can Happen, Considering the Size of the Moon.

It has been asked how a total eclipse of the sun can possibly happen, as the moon is smaller than the sun.

A self luminous body, like the sun, scatters light in all directions, and when the rays fall upon a nonluminous body they are intercepted from the space immedia... and it, and a shadow is throw... certain distance in that directi... Another celestial body, deriving also its light from the sun, will upon entering the area over which this shadow is cast be deprived of its luster either wholly or in part. This is what happens to the earth in a solar eclipse. The sun and earth revolve in the same plane of the ecliptic, and the moon, being but slightly inclined to that plane, interposes between them once in every revolution, so that it happens that they are sometimes all three in the same line. When this occurs a portion of the moon's opaque sphere is seen projected upon the sun's face, intercepting its light, proportionate with the magnitude of the eclipse, which depends upon the distances separating the centers of the sun and moon at the middle of the phenomenon. Only in cases where these centers precisely correspond can there be a total obscuration.—New York American.

### A Great Scheme.

Herbert Heavey, weighing 280 pounds, decided to reduce electrically. He wrapped a coil of copper wire round his waist, connected it with the telephone apparatus and, sure enough, began at once to grow lighter at the rate of several pounds a minute.

"This is a grand scheme," chuckled Heavey, pulling out the waistband of his trousers, which was already a foot too big for his waist.

Then suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"Is that Herbert Heavey?" a gruff voice asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, this is the exchange," snapped the voice. "Will you please stop frying scrapple with the telephone wires? Our office is all full of nasty fat."—Exchange.

### Winter.

In winter nature ceases from her labors and prepares for the great change. The wind sweeps through the great forest with a sound like the blast of a trumpet. The dry leaves whirl in eddies through the air. A fretwork of hoary frost covers the plain. The stagnant water in the pools and ditches is frozen into fantastic figures. In the low hanging clouds the sharp air, like a busy shuttle, weaves her shroud of snow. There is a melancholy and continual roar in the tops of the tall pines like the roar of a cataract. It is the funeral anthem of the dying year.—Longfellow.

### Bloozes and Blouses.

"Where will I find the bloozes?" asked the woman who had just returned from London.

"De bloozes?" exclaimed the elevator man, staring pop eyed and vague. "De bloozes—w'y, dey mus' be on de—'scuse me, madam, you'd better ask de floor walker."

"Certainly, madam; second floor. James, take the lady to the second floor—blowses—lawngery waists, y' know."—New York Press.

### When a Woman Goes to Bed Mad.

When a man comes home at night his wife pours forth a recital in a mill stream of all that has happened all day. Then she gets a hook, puts on her bait and begins to fish to find out what he has done all day, and she never catches a thing. Then she goes off to bed mad because she told so much.—Atchison Globe.

### Might Be Worse.

The fashion a man has of keeping his hands in his pockets is perhaps not elegant, but it is not morally culpable, as is the practice of putting his hands in the pockets of some one else.—London Judy.

If I take care of my character my reputation will take care of itself.—Moody.

### A Substitute.

"I am sorry, my dear sir, but I neglected to bring my surgical instruments with me."

"That will be all right, doctor. The plumber who has been working in the cellar has left his tools here."—Exchange.

## A POISON EPISODE.

### When a Famous Chemist Was Silenced in Court by a Judge.

There was a famous poisoning case in England many years ago in which the strong point of the defense was to show that the accused, who was an expert chemist, would not have used a poison which could be so easily found after it had been taken into the human system. Sir Robert Christeson, professor in Edinburgh university, a famous expert on toxicology, whose works are still standard on that subject, was put on the stand to prove this point. When he declared that a chemist would certainly use some poison which would leave no trace, the prosecuting attorney asked him if he meant to say that there were such poisons.

Sir Robert replied in the affirmative. The prosecutor asked, "Name them!"

"No!" shouted the judge. "I forbid you to answer that question!"

In spite of the protests of the prosecutor the judge would not allow the expert publicly to give the name of a poison which would leave no trace, and the question remained unanswered.

Now comes the curious part of the story. During the next two years Sir Robert received more than 1,000 letters from all parts of the world asking, begging, offering to buy, the name of the untraceable poison alluded to in his testimony. Many of these he kept as curiosities, showing them to his friends as evidence of the depravity of human nature. Some of the excuses for wanting the name of the poison were very ingenious. One man was writing a novel based on a poison plot and wanted to make use of the untraceable poison idea. He did not want to give the name of the poison in his book, but just wanted to have it by him in case any scientific critic should deny the possibility of such poisons, when he could send him the name in a private letter and quote the "distinguished authority" from whom it came, etc. Several persons professed to be studying chemistry and asked for the information on the ground of professional courtesy. To all such Sir Robert would send the advice to pursue their studies and they would soon know as much about it as he did. Many offered large sums of money for the secret, usually pretending they had her still larger amounts that they could find it out in a given time and were willing to share their profits liberally with Sir Robert.

The thing which most impressed Sir Robert was the number of persons all over the world who seemed desirous of possessing the secret of an agent that would kill, but leave no trace, and the amazing falsehoods to which they would subscribe their names in order to obtain the information. It is said that whatever poison Sir Robert had in mind at the trial he never mentioned it, not even to his classes, so strongly was he impressed with the danger of letting such a thing become matter of public knowledge.

### Banks.

It was in the City of Brotherly Love that the first bank was established in 1781. It was incorporated by congress under the name of "The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of North America." Three years later the second bank in the country was opened in Boston and called the Massachusetts bank.

In the same year the Bank of New York was founded.

The first United States bank was founded in 1785 and the second in 1816, in which year the first savings banks were established, one in Philadelphia, the other in Boston.—Scrap Book.

### Busy Woman.

Every monthly magazine carries as many as two continued stories in it. When a man takes six it means that his wife is carrying twelve continued stories in her head in addition to doing the cooking and trying to find out how much the new hat cost worn by the woman next door.—Oil City Derrick.

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The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.



**Brasted's** Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.



## JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CAR...

In a large assortment and can please

SPECHT & SASSE, Sm...

# The Democratic Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

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Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday March 11, 1909.


THE Oregon legislature has recently passed a law requiring that each application for a marriage license must be accompanied by a certificate from a physician that both are in good health. Such a law would be good for every State in the Union and every country in the world.

THE Farmers Valley Grange is forming a telephone company as will be seen in another article on the first page of this issue, which shows that this organization is really up to date. The telephone is one of the greatest conveniences known to man and every one along the lines should take advantage of the opportunity of having a telephone in his home. A telephone is not only a convenience but a time and money saver in many ways, and occasionally in sickness it may save a life where a physician or physician's knowledge is needed immediately.

IT appears that the opposition to Uncle Joe Cannon for Speaker of the House is growing, at that Uncle Joe is more or less worried about the outcome. It is pretty generally understood that Speaker Cannon is not in sympathy with the tariff revision promised in the Republican platform on which President Taft was elected and that he has not the support of the administration for re-election, and it is more than probable that he will have to get in line on the tariff question or hand over the gavel to a successor. A word from Mr. Taft would dispell all his present troubles.

UPON the pictures of the two gentlemen herein mentioned, appeared the following in the Pittsburg Gazzette Times of Monday: "Among the names prominently mentioned for the office of United States district attorney for the western district of Pennsylvania are F. D. Gallup of Bradford, chairman of the Republican committee of McKean county, and John H. Jordan, a prominent attorney of Bedford. The office is now held by John W. Dunkle." Mr. Gallup is not a Bradford product, but a Smethport man in every sense of the word and a young man of whom Smethport feels exceedingly proud. He was born in this borough about 36 years ago; received his early education here; graduated from Yale college when he was 21 years of age and soon after became the law partner of Joseph W. Bouton, who is president judge of this judicial district, the partnership being dissolved when Mr. Bouton became judge. He has been unusually successful as a lawyer and today is ranked as one of the leaders of his profession in this part of the State. Mr. Gallup is eminently fitted for the position of United States district attorney for this district and his many warm friends in this section of the State will be greatly pleased if he is successful.

### Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The "best laid plans of mice and men gang oft agley" was never better demonstrated than in the inauguration of the new President, Thursday, when the elements gathered themselves together for the most disagreeable day of the winter and succeeded in nullifying to an almost incredible degree, the efforts that had been made to have this inauguration surpass any that has preceded it. Wednesday, the day before when the immense crowds had gathered in anticipation of the ceremonies and celebration dawned wet and cold. Rain fell all day and toward night, there were lightning and thunder and heavy showers. Later the snow began and continued to fall until the streets were buried several inches deep. By daylight the city was cut off from outside communication, telegraph and telephone wires were down and the wind had brought down the poles and left loose wires swinging in the streets. Never before had there been such desolation on inauguration day. The seats in the grand stands which had been erected all along the line of march were banked with snow. The decorations had either faded out in hidious blurs of red, white and blue or they had fallen to the pavements from their weight of snow. The light wooden pillars which had been stationed along both sides of Pennsylvania avenue lay in the streets with their decorations of flags and wreaths in the snow. The gutters were filled with ice and slush and it was impossible to cross the streets without going over one's shoe tops in the icy flood. Comparatively few had the courage to venture out in the gale and storm so that when Mr. Taft accompanied by Mr. Roosevelt was driven swiftly up the avenue to the capitol there was only a small, struggling, shivering crowd to greet them. Strangers in the city who had shelter were glad to stay indoors and the residents accustomed to the mild temperatures of this semi-Southern climate scarcely knew how to face a blizzard that seemed more suited to the Dakotas or Canada. Thousands were without adequate shelter. The troops recently returned from Cuba were assigned to canvas tents near the river bank and after two years in a tropical climate, found themselves in a sub-arctic temperature with no other protection than these flimsy tents afforded. At the railroad station all was confusion and chaos. Wires being down there was no communication with incoming trains and these arrived unheralded from three to thirty hours late. Many of the passengers arriving at night did not venture out of the station to find their lodgings and fifteen hundred people spent the night in the station. Hundreds of others did not arrive in time for the inauguration at all but came in on the limping trains many hours late. Many others reaching the city gave one glance at the conditions and boarded the next train for home. Baltimore hotels were crowded by the inauguration visitors who got as far as the Monumental city and devining the conditions at the capital stopped off there. The West Point cadets did not get into the city until the next day and suffered as many others from lack of food and accomodations on the train which had not provided for such an exigency. It would take columns to express the disappointment and disgust of the strangers who had come from great distances to see the inauguration and Congress came in well for the righteous indignation of everyone for not having long ago changed the inaugural date to a later season when better weather might be counted on.

It was impossible for Mr. Taft to make his address outside the capitol and the large crowd that defied the the weather to gather in anticipation of hearing him shared the disappointment that seemed to attend all the plans for the day. Even the Senate galleries which had been carfully reserved seat by seat, for the families of the Congressmen had rows of vacant places when Mr. Taft took the oath of office.

The scene inside the Senate Chamber when the inclemency outside was forgotten was one likely to be long remembered by those who were present. Never had the retiring President appeared to better advantage. His face was careworn showing the strain of the last few days which had been filled with work and worry but his boundless, restless, energy never seemed so striking as when contrasted with the heavy placidity of his successor. He seemed in a serious mood but he moved briskly, almost electrically through his part of the ceremonies, gave a final embrace that came near being a bearlike hug to the incoming President and bounded out and away to the station before the enthusiastic, cheering crowd seemed to realize that he was gone. Then for the first time, the people gathered there, many his close friends and many more with whom he had come at various times in clamorous conflict, realized that the greatest man among them was to be among them no more. With his disappearance the animosities seemed to fade and the expressions heard on all sides with reference to him, indicated that the softening process of time by which his faults would be overlooked and his transcendent work appreciated had already begun.

After taking the oath office and making his address Mr. Taft accompanied by his wife, (this being the first occasion when a President's wife has appeared in the carriage with him on his way to the White House for the first time as President,) drove up the avenue along the line which was to have been the route of the parade. A few brave soldiers, a civic club or two from Ohio and a number of stragglers followed the Presidential carriage and composed all there was of the spectacle which thousands had come miles to see and for which many had paid from twenty-five to six hundred dollars for windows from which to view it.

### Millions Due State.

A dispatch from Harrisburg dated March 7, says: State Treasurer John O. Sheatz has written a letter to Attorney General M. Hampton Todd relative to delinquent corporation taxes. An inspection of the treasury books by Sheatz from 1882 to 1907 show that many accounts are not closed and the treasurer wants legal advice on the subject. In the auditor general's annual report he pointed out that steps should be taken to ascertain whether a large number of corporations were defunct or escaping the tax collector. The Sheatz letter follows:

"Since becoming state treasurer I have endeavored to balance as many of the accounts as possible, and up to this writing, there have been settled 8,789 of the 23,000 to 25,000 accounts which are entered upon the ledgers of this department.

"In order to strike a balance, it has been necessary to make entries and carry forward the debits and credits, in some instances being compelled to go back to the ledgers of 1882 and follow the account down to 1907, and we found many hundreds of cases where entries of payments had not been credited against accounts.

"Of the number settled, 6,342 accounts balance and 1,847 accounts show amounts due the Commonwealth of $2,868,841.53. This balance due the Commonwealth is made up of four tax items. The amount due and uncollected on capital stock account, $2,022,790.52; loan account, $603,423; gross receipts, $227,178.69; bonus, $15,450.31.

"These settlements only include about one-third of the accounts on the treasury department books and above amounts only represent unpaid taxes up to and including the year 1907.

"In certifying these accounts to you, I do so with the thought that your department might devise some means by which this great amount, standing on the books of the treasury department as being due by many corporations, could be settled, and that all accounts that are good and collectable might be speedily collected, and such accounts as are outlawed and uncollectable stricken off the books of the department.

### A Methodical Being.

A man of method who attended to everything on schedule time, whether it was work or recreation, had the fortune to fall in love when he had passed the age of forty. The mistress of his heart put up with his oddities. He had regular nights for calling upon her, regular hours for coming and going, regular theater and club nights, etc. In fact, she looked upon his regularity as something admirable.

Things had been going on in this way for two years, and finally the great crisis came. They were to be married. The day was fixed, the wedding clothes were made, the guests invited, and the minister was engaged.

At the appointed time they were all assembled. The bride was dressed, the wedding presents were displayed, but the bridegroom came not. The bride wept and fainted, but it did no good. Finally some friends of the delinquent groom hurried away to see if he could be found. He could. He was at home in his room, reading as unconcernedly as if he had never contemplated getting married.

"What is the matter? Why don't you come to your wedding?" shouted his friends.

The man of regular habits laid down his book.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but this is my regular day for staying at home and reading. I forgot it when I made the engagement. The wedding will have to be postponed."—London Tit-Bits.

### His Best.

The late Sir John Stainer, one of England's most celebrated musicians and composers, was once staying in a small Swiss village, and the English clergyman was on the outlook for a musician to assist at the service. Stainer was in the office of the hotel when the clergyman found him and started the conversation with "Do you play the harmonium?"

"A little," was the reply of the former organist of St. Paul's cathedral.

"Will you, then, be good enough to help us out of our difficulty on Sunday? We will read the Psalms, and the hymns shall be the simplest I can select," added the delighted parson.

"I will do my best," said Stainer, with a smile.

The service proceeded satisfactorily but the congregation at the close listened to a brilliant recital. When the parson heard the name of his assistant he asked him to dinner. "Do you smoke?" he asked at the close.

"I will do my best," responded Stainer, and the ensuing laughter was the prologue of an entertaining exchange of Oxford reminiscences.

### When Boston Shuddered.

"The superior intelligence of Boston continues to excite the envy of her sister cities," recently observed a prominent Bostonian, "and I propose to add fuel to the flame by citing the newest instance thereof. A little boy in the Back Bay district, at whose house occur many meetings of a certain literary club, was asked not long ago by a returned Bostonian what had become of a family named Deering.

"'The Deerings?' said the boy. 'Oh, they're not asked here any more. They're no longer on mother's list.'

"'No longer on the list?—What's the matter?'

"'Why, haven't you heard? Drusilla Deering sent a sonnet to the Atlantic that contained twenty lines!'"—Lippincott's.

### Making a Bolt For It.

The monotony of crime in the police stations is relieved oftener than is generally supposed by an infusion of unexpected humor. This happy faculty of tickling the magistrate's sense of humor won a prisoner in a police station his liberty the other day.

The prisoner had told the magistrate that he was a locksmith by trade, and the magistrate asked:

"Well, were you on business in this gambling house at 2 o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the prisoner calmly. "I was making a bolt for the door."

### When Comets Terrified.

To Evelyn a comet was a very terrifying phenomenon. He notes the appearance of one on Jan. 12, 1680, which he describes in his diary as "a meteor of an obscure bright color, very much in shape like the blade of a sword." "What this may portend," he adds, "God only knows, but such another phenomenon I remember to have seen in 1640 about the triall of the greate earle of Strafford, preceding our bloudy rebellion. I pray God avert his judgements."

### Marches and Marches.

A schoolteacher in a small town saw some of George Eliot's works displayed in the window of the "general store" and went in to inquire if they had "Middlemarch."

"No, we haven't that," said the red checked girl who served as clerk, "but we have lots of others. Will one of Sousa's do?"


### Information.

Homeseekers, tourists, investors. Complete, accurate and unbiased information in regard to mines, mining, homesteads, timber, timber claims, farms, ranches, real estate, products, industries, wages, business, hunting, fishing, sports, climate, travel, touring and anything else of interest, anywhere west of the Rocky Mts., furnished, upon receipt of $1.00. Anywhere in the world upon request. We have no interest but to serve you. INTERNATIONAL INFORMATION BUREAU, Dept. X, 711A Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.


### Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

### Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 8, 1909:

Raymond Bennett, Miss May Burroughs, Charles Freidman, Thomas C. Riley, Heston Turner, Mrs. C. H. Young. Foreign—Pan Shanowny, Bryden Jan.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.


We say without hesitation that DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unequaled for weak kidneys, backache, inflammation of the bladder and all urinary disorders. They are antiseptic, and act promptly in all cases of weak back, backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains. Accept no substitute. We sell and recommend them. H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

The best known pills and the best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are small, easy to take, gentle and certain, and are sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

## Splendid Farm on Main Road For Only $4,000

We offer for sale the Munn farm of 70 acres, located ½ mile from Canadea, N. Y., on Pennsylvania railroad, and main road from Olean to Rochester, to be a macadamized highway. 15 acres river bottom, 25 acres first upland, 25 acres second upland, can all be plowed. Free from stone and very productive. Living spring in every field. Fair fences 70 trees grafted fruit, plums, cherries, pears and grapes. 10-room house in good repair, barn 30x60, stable and shed 16x60, wagon house, hog pen, hen house. Buildings painted and in fine repair. Spring water at house and barn. Close to school, postoffice, cheese factory and church. Price only $4,000. Terms $1000 cash, balance $200 a year and interest at 5 per cent. Possession April first.

HERRICK AGENCY
Bolivar, N. Y.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport


### Psalm of Life—Continued.

"Trust not in the hidden future,
Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."


Act at once for the benefit of your purse. Buy your stationery, toilet articles, candy, pocket books, combs and brushes at the store where they keep the best at the most reasonable price.

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.


### Administrator's Sale.

Estate of Emma J. Roeder, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, the undersigned administrator of said decedent will expose at public sale, at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1909, at 11 o'clock a. m., of that day, the following described messuage and tract of land.

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning in the centre of the highway leading up Digel Hollow at the northeast corner of the Thomas Goodwin farm, and southeast corner of Keating lot No. 10; thence west 49.6 perches to a post corner; thence south 99 degrees west 21.4 perches to a post corner; thence north 36 degrees west 36.2 perches to a post corner; thence east 87 perches to the centre of said highway; thence along said highway south 43 degrees east 19.7 perches, and south 10.8 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 13.5 acres, be the same more or less, and being part of Keating lots Nos. 10 and 13, and part of Warrant No. 3065.

The eastern part of said premises having been conveyed to the said Emma J. Roeder by H. W. Roeder by deed dated May 22nd, 1888, recorded in deed book Vol. No. 48, at page 328, and the western part thereof having been conveyed to Juliana C. Roeder by Thomas Goodwin and wife by deed dated April 17th, 1888, recorded in deed book Vol. No. 50, page 440, and by the said Juliana C. Roeder devised to the said Emma J. Roeder.

The said tract of land being all improved and well watered and having thereon a 30x40 frame barn and several fruit trees.

Terms of sale: One third of the purchase price down at time of sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.


NEW SPRING SHIRTS | NEW SPRING HATS

## GENTLEMEN

We are ready for your Spring selections. The finest line of piece goods we have ever shown and prices that will surely appeal to you. A fit guaranteed.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holdor I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES, WINES, BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, dust and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the shooter. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. Sent FREE for 2 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

## Better Not Get Dyspepsia

**If you can help it. Kodol prevents Dyspepsia, by effectually helping Nature to Relieve Indigestion. But don't trifle with Indigestion.**

A great many people who have trifled with indigestion, have been sorry for it—when nervous or chronic dyspepsia resulted, and they have not been able to cure it.

Use Kodol and prevent having Dyspepsia.

Everyone is subject to indigestion. Stomach derangement follows stomach abuse, just as naturally and just as surely as a sound and healthy stomach results upon the taking of Kodol.

When you experience sourness of stomach, belching of gas and nauseating fluid, bloated sensation, gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach, heart burn (so-called), diarrhoea, headaches, dullness or chronic tired feeling—you need Kodol. And then the quicker you take Kodol—the better. Eat what you want, let Kodol digest it.

Ordinary pepsin "dyspepsia tablets," physics, etc., are not likely to be of much benefit to you, in digestive ailments. Pepsin is only a partial digester—and physics are not digesters at all.

Kodol is a perfect digester. If you could see Kodol digesting every particle of food, of all kinds, in the glass test-tubes in our laboratories, you would know this just as well as we do.

Nature and Kodol will always cure a sick stomach—but in order to be cured, the stomach must rest. That is what Kodol does—rests the stomach, while the stomach gets well. Just as simple as A, B, C.

### Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say, that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist for the bottle. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

## Bee Supplies.----

We want all Beekeepers in this vicinity to send us for 1909 Root catalogue, complete with prices. We carry in stock a large assortment of most salable goods. Buy near at home and get prompt and satisfactory service. Best of goods at right prices.

BARD & CHENEY,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.


### Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the usual place of holding elections in the School District of the Borough of Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, April 3rd, 1909, between the hours of 7 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the electors of said School District to an increase of its indebtedness.

The amount of the last assessed valuation is ..... $511,280.00
The amount of the existing debt is.. 10,400.00
The proposed increase is ..... 12,000.00
The percentage of the proposed increase is .0235

The debt is to be increased for the purpose of building a new building for school purposes.

NOTE: This proposed increase is in place of an increase of $3,000.00 authorized in 1907 but never made.

D. C. YOUNG,
President.

Attest:
F. D. GALLUP,
Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., March 3, 1909.

# The LINDHOLM COMPANY,

## SMETHPORT, PA.

IN PRESENTING to our patrons the Spring Styles in our Suit and Coat department we feel that we are prepared to meet your wants with assortments and varieties to suit every individual taste.

With each succeeding season we have increased the volume of our business in ready-to-wear garments and this allows us to cater more largely to our patrons.

Selections have been made from manufacturers who can be depended upon to produce right styles at right prices.

We are convinced that all the materials, linings and trimmings on our garments will give proper wear, and we cheerfully add our guarantee to that of the manufacturer, that this can be depended upon in all our lines.

We ask you to inspect the Spring Garments now here and ~~note the~~ beautiful new cloths and the proper shades.

SUITS AT

$17.50, 19.00, 22.00, 25.00, 27.50, 30.00, 35.00

## Spring styles of Patrician Oxfords now ready for you



## 100 per cent. for Twenty Years to Cow Owners.

That's the marvelously good investment that more than ONE MILLION satisfied users are finding the

### De Laval Cream Separator

With three or more cows a DE LAVAL separator saves its cost the first year, in more and better product, and it may be depended upon to go on doing so for twenty years, as there are already thousands of instances to prove.

There's half this much saving in the use of a DE LAVAL over inferior separators, while other separators last but from six months to five years instead of twenty years. They lose half that might be saved while they do last.

That's the whole separator story in a "nut shell" and the reason for the now nearly universal sale of DE LAVAL separators.

A DE LAVAL catalogue may be had for the asking. Likewise the trial of a DE LAVAL machine.

**Daly & Garlick's.**

HAMILTON BLOCK



**McKean County Miner**

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 11, 1900.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Gentle spring?

—Did you hear the thunder yesterday morning?

—Read the advertisement of McCloy's Drug Store.

—Daly & Garlick advertise De Laval separators in this issue.

—New things for spring are advertised by The Lindholm Co. this week.

—Read A. B. Armstrong's version of the Psalm of Life in another column.

—Fire did about $3,000 damage in the Pirrotti building at Kane Tuesday morning.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Bray of Farmers Valley on Friday, March 5, a boy.

—If you have been waiting for a suit bargain read Monheimer's advertisement on this page.

—Those who are mixed up in the scandal at the Venango County Home are scheduled to have their trials this week.

—The teachers' association held a meeting at Mt. Jewett on Saturday. Most of the Smethport teachers were in attendance.

—On Monday evening Mrs. W. A. Harris entertained her Sunday school class at the chapel. About seventy-five members and guests enjoyed a pleasant evening.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sermon on "Sanctity and Sanctuary." Service at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—We regret our inability to attend the Twentieth Annual Convention Dinner of the Pittsburg agency of the Equitable Life Assurance society, given by Mr. Edward A. Woods at the Schenley Hotel this evening, in honor of Hon. William A. Day, vice president of this society.

—Mrs. Arlie Drake, the Honeoye woman who pleaded guilty to cruelly beating a little girl who was living with her was sentenced by Judge Ormerod last week to 8 months in the county jail and fined $100 and costs of prosecution.

—Majorie Mills, a woman employed as housekeeper and nurse by a widower in New York, sat a three-year-old boy on a hot stove to make him stop crying and the child died in terrible agony from the burns he received. The woman is under arrest.

—One of the biggest bears ever killed in this section was brought to earth by Chauncey Logue near Emporium a few days ago. Bruin was known to all the hunters in that section as "Old Ephriam" and had fooled them all for many years, but Logue run onto him unexpectedly and brought him down with a 38-calibre revolver.

—While curling her hair with an iron Wednesday, it slipped from the hand of Miss Laura Vroman, one of the employes of the Central office, and endeavoring to regain possession of it, she struck it with force enough to throw it against one of her eyes. It was very hot and striking directly in the eye, burned it in a very painful and serious manner.—Coudersport Democrat.

—A very pleasant surprise party was given Tuesday evening in honor of the 59th birthday of A. A. Abbey, our popular county auditor. Thirty-six of his friends gathered at his home on Bank street and a very enjoyable evening was spent. As a token of the esteem in which he is held by his friends and to make him more vividly remember this occasion he was presented with a handsome leather rocking chair and a leather pocketbook.

—Randolph Masco, a man employed in taking down an oil derrick at Sunnyside near Shinglehouse, fell a distance of fifty feet, Friday and was instantly killed. Deceased was 30 years of age, and is survived by his wife and two young children, who are in needy circumstances. How the accident ocurred is unknown. An examination of his body revealed the fact that one of his legs had been driven up into his body about six inches, one arm was twice broken, and his skull badly crushed.—Potter Democrat.

—The Potter Democrat published at Coudersport is 18 years old and under the skillful management of John J. Mundy and Fred S. Thomas is one of the brightest and best papers that comes to our desk.

—William Ryan of Chipmunk, while driving across the Pennsylvania track at Wolf's Crossing at Allegany, Saturday morning was struck by the Oil City train. The engine hit the wagon directly under the seat on which Mr. Ryan was sitting, throwing him into the ditch at one side of the track. The wagon was smashed to splinters. One of the horses was badly injured and it died a little while later. Mr. Ryan's injuries were not of a serious nature.—Star-Record.

—Mr. J. H. Nelson and Miss Amelia Erlandson, both of Mt. Jewett, were united in matrimony at the residence of the groom in Mt. Jewett at 2 p. m., Thursday, March 4th, in the presence of a few friends of the contracting parties, Rev. Helmet, pastor of the Swedish Mission church of Smethport, officiating. The groom was one of the first settlers in Mt. Jewett, and has turned his 75th year, while the bride is 25, and has resided in this locality about six years.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—March 4th, Inauguration Day, was wild and tempestuous, but in the palatial home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin the evening was as delightful as in mid-summer. The air was laden with the sweet perfume of cut flowers and vibrant with soft music. The occasion was the seventy-third anniversary of their brother's birthday, J. C. Hamlin. A very few near friends were convened and a most delicious dinner served, at which time family reminiscences were given which served to make the evening pass quickly and pleasantly away.

—Last Friday evening students of the Smethport high school and others to the number of about 100 went to Mt. Jewett on a special train over the Kushequa Route to witness the literary contest between the high schools of Port Allegany and Mt. Jewett, which was won by the latter. The members of the home school won the essay, debate and reading, while the visitors won in the oration. This puts Mt. Jewett in third place and a contest will soon be held in Smethport to determine which shall contest with Kane at the next annual teachers' institute for the cup. The Smethport delegation arrived home at about 1:30 a. m.

—County Commissioner A. M. Marsh went to Custer City on Monday and took charge of a well-known young railroad man who had recently became mentally unbalanced, and on Tuesday he took him to the Warren State hospital for the insane for treatment. On Friday last he went to the home of his mother despite the fact that his sister was suffering with scarlet fever and the house under quarantine. His demented condition caused his mother much alarm and she notified the proper authorities who removed him and had him fumigated to prevent the spread of the disease. An injury to his head is supposed to be the cause of his present condition. He is a member of an excellent family and much sympathy is felt for all.

—A letter received in Olean would indicate that Nelson R. Dressler, who killed Captain Timothy Hassett, was married. The letter is written from Cincinnati, Ohio, and is signed "Mrs. H. C. McFadden." It says in part: "I have been informed by wire that my husband, H. C. McFadden, who registered at the Olean House about February 20th, was shot and killed by the chief of police. Would you be so kind as to give me any information bearing on the case? I never received information until yesterday (March 3rd). Would you also send me daily papers of that date, and state what disposition was made of the body. Do you know if he was still employed by the New York Central railroad? Hoping that you will please give me any information possible, Mrs. H. C. McFadden." "McFadden" was one of the names assumed by Dressler.

### Personal Mention.

Mrs. S. E. Bell was a Philadelphia visitor last week.

J. C. Backus had business at Port Allegany, Monday.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin is visiting her mother at Geneva, N. Y.

William O'Rielly left yesterday for a visit with Pittsburg friends.

Miss Edna Freeman was the guest of friends in Kushequa this week.

Will Blake of Eldred passed Sunday with relatives and friends in this place.

John Saulspaugh of New York arrived in town Saturday for the summer.

Sheridan Gorton and F. D. Gallup had legal business in Bradford yesterday.

Mrs. Tom. Williams of Butler is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

A. G. Korman of Kane is in town this week repairing engines for the Kushequa Railroad.

Dr. F. C. Pierce returned Saturday from Olean where he had been for a few days on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer were the guests of their son, Ward, at Austin the forepart of the week.

Miss Velma Stokes of Kushequa has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freeman.

Miss Sophia Hafner, who had been visiting relatives in town, left Monday for her home in Clermont.

Clifton Lyman of Port Allegany was the guest of his cousin, Earl Lyman, from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick have returned home from a visit to Washington and other points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Koenig and infant son of Eldred, visited friends and relatives in town the forepart of the week.

The Rev. W. A. Harris went to Rochester, N. Y., on Monday and from there to Canadaigua on a business trip.

Miss Rena Allen of Port Allegany was in town from Saturday until Monday the guest of her friend, Miss Donna Lyman.

Mrs. H. D. Otto has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. J. Austin of Olean for a few weeks on account of Mr. Austin's sickness.

Mrs. Grace Carpenter of Olean is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bohman Hyde, who is very ill at her home in Keating township.

Miss Ruth Sparks visited Lora E. Otto, last Sunday, going to Smethport on Monday to visit her grandmother and aunt.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme and children of Port Allegany are visiting at the home of Mrs. Studholme's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

D. M. Brasted, H. H. Redfield, O. J. Hamlin, W. L. Hammar and John Forest were among those who took in the automobile show at Buffalo the latter part of last week.

Lora E. Otto, who has been visiting her parents at Farmers Valley returned to her work at Eldred last Monday where she is employed as stenographer for the Kerwin Glass Company.

Judge and Mrs. Joseph W. Bonton and daughter, Miss Helen, left Monday afternoon for a month's visit in the South. They go by rail to Baltimore, and from there to Savannah, Ga., they make the trip by water.

Clarence Sherer, Glenn Chase, Howard Acre, Fred Taylor, Walter Brennan, Michael McKearnon and Frank Brockham were in Bradford Saturday where they took the Civil Service examination for carriers on the R. F. D. route which is soon to be established on Marvin creek.

If you need a pill take DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Insist on them; gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed Clermont.


WM. MONHEIMER.

YOU CAN HAVE

a $12.50 or $13.50 SUIT—(Coat, Pants & Vest)

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if you can wear a 33 or 34 (chest measure). These are the only sizes we have left from our splendid fall line of WORSTED Suits. The same Suits, in larger sizes, we closed out recently at $10, and there being no other sizes than 33 and 34 left, we close these Suits at $5.50.

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New Laces and Embroideries.

We direct your attention to a new lot of exquisite Laces and Embroideries which this store offers for your inspection this week.

The newest American and European style ideas are here represented in ample variety.

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Special low prices still continue on millinery, coats, skirts, shirt waists and all wool goods.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

# The Long Reach.

By E. VILO.

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"SENORA PANCHITA, you are an angel!" exclaimed Minnie Surrat as the senora handed her the beautiful lace mantilla to wear at a fancy dress ball where she was to appear as a lady from Cadiz. Three other girls who were there joined in the assertion that the senora was an angel, with hopes for their own special needs.

Ida Lovejoy, one of the four girls, opened her lips to say some flattering word, but the words were suddenly checked as her fascinated eyes fell upon a superb solitaire diamond ring which the senora generally wore in memory of the departed General Valdez.

The senora had many other jewels, but she loved this ring best. While the four young girls, boarders in the same house, had been there she had fancied that she ought to have the jeweler look to the safety of the diamond in its setting and so took the ring from her hand and put it on her little ring tree which stood on her dressing table near the window. Its fire and luster dazzled the longing eyes of Ida, and she caught her breath. She had often seen it on the plump hand of the senora, but never had it seemed so beautiful as now. She felt a great desire to ask the kind Spanish lady to loan it to her to wear to the ball as she had loaned her valuable lace mantilla to Minnie. If she could wear such a ring perhaps the floorwalker, Charlie Edwards, might take notice of her.

Ida was poor, very poor, and worked in the store where the other girls were employed. She, like all the employees of the store, was expected to be at this ball. The big store gave a ball every winter and an excursion every summer for its employees. Ida had never been able to advance herself somehow, and after three years she was still among the learners. Her salary was scarcely enough to pay her board. And she loved beautiful things.

The supper bell rang, and with a half sigh for the pungent cookery of her own land Senora Valdez locked her door and tried it to be sure and followed the four girls down to the dining room.

Ida kept thinking of the beautiful ring upstairs and wished she might be able to have a lovely costume to wear. She could not eat. Some friends called on the senora, and the other girls went out, so that Ida was more than ever cut off from companionship, and she went up to her room, descending almost at once to the bathroom, where she was going to wash out a few pieces. Her tall, lank figure looked singularly ungraceful and loosely jointed as she came down to the second story. She turned the water on and,

"MISS LOVEJOY, ARE YOU ILL?"

letting it fill the tub, went to the window and looked out. There was a light burning in the senora's room.

All her life long Ida had been noted for the length of her arms and a peculiar faculty of loosening her shoulders and stretching them out to an astonishing length. She knew well that by leaning out of the bathroom window she could easily reach that little ring tree. A sudden temptation came over her too strong to resist. The window was open.

She argued swiftly with herself that the Spanish lady had plenty other jewels; that this could not matter so much to any one as to her. She was so tired of the toil and privation. Charlie might love her if he could see her dressed as she might to be.

Visions of a little home of her own that she could care for and beautify passed before her eyes. She hated the work in the store and longed for a quiet home where she could be at peace.

That ring would scarcely be missed, and it meant so much to her. She listened; no sound. In another minute she had leaned out. Her hand crept along the wall until it touched the swinging arbor and then the ring tree with its sparkling burden.

In another minute she had down to her room with her wet handkerchief and the ring. It had been easy. She had never stolen anything before, and it was so terrible a thing that she was faint and trembled like a leaf. She thought:

"I'll feel better in the morning, and then I'll see."

But no sleep came to her, and in the morning it was all she could do to rise and drag herself to the store. Her eyes were heavy and her head ached. She was pale and wan. The very floorwalker to win whose admiration she had stolen stopped and said:

"Miss Lovejoy, are you ill?"

And he looked so sympathetic that Ida's chin quivered and her eyes filled as she replied:

"Just a little headache; that is all."

"You won't be able to dance tonight. Hadn't I better get you excused today? I will if you wish."

"If you please," she said weakly, while she thought, "What if he knew?"

She looked very ill. The diamond that was wrapped in a handkerchief in her bosom seemed to weigh a ton and to burn like redhot iron. She leaned against the shelves with pinched features until he returned with the desired permission.

"Shall I get a cab for you?" he asked kindly.

"I—think—I will walk. The air may do me good. It is so warm in here. Thank you very much."

Ida had beautiful eyes. The floorwalker had often noticed this tall, silent girl with her heavy braids, plainly of her own hair. He was tired of the ridiculous pompadours of the other girls. Her voice was low and sweet, and now it quivered with the emotion that shook her very soul.

She dared not look into his eyes for fear he would know she was a thief. She had not realized what she had done fully until now, but now, knowing it, she trembled.

No thought of the ball entered her mind. If she could only restore the ring!

She crept back to her boarding house and to her room. She heard the girls come home and heard their gay chatter as they were preparing for the fancy ball.

Dimly she remembered that she had intended to pawn that ring and buy a gown she had seen, all silver, like moonlight on still water, and she was going to get a veil of spangled tulle and a tinsel crown. Let down her long dark hair and call her costume "Night." All was over now, and she was a thief.

What if the senora caused a search to be made? She must hide it until she could replace it. The window was closed now. Then the supper bell rang. She remembered that she had eaten nothing all that day and went trembllingly down. To her joy the senora was not there, and the other girls were all so full of the ball that her silence passed without comment.

At last all the other girls left the house in gay spirits, leaving Ida alone in her fear, shame and horror of herself.

The night the ring had been stolen Senora Valdez had sought for it everywhere in her room. She knew where she had left it. Nothing else had been taken. She knew that she had put it on the tree and that it was there when she left, for all four of the girls had preceded her, and she had locked and tried the door. She was always very methodical.

"Some one must have a key that fits my door and came in while I was downstairs," she thought.

The senora did as the most of us do and took all her other valuables to the safe deposit vault, but she said no word to any one of her loss.

"If I tell the police," she thought, "and have a search made all the innocent will hate me, and I may never find it. If I keep absolute silence and watch some day the one who took it will say some word or do something which will betray him and show me the thief. I wish that it had been any other jewel."

So the senora went to sleep. The next day brought no proof. That any one could have reached the ring tree from the bathroom window never entered her head.

Scarcely had the merry party gone to the ball when there was a ring and a visitor for Miss Lovejoy. She felt as though she must die then as the handsome floorwalker came in.

"I heard you were not going to the ball, so I thought I would come in and see—if you—are better."

"Yes, but I don't care very much for parties or balls." All this while she was wondering why he had come.

"No more do I," said he. "I like quiet better. I think I was cut out for a home lover."

"I think I am, too," said Ida, with a half sob as the memory of her crime surged up in her mind, closing the door of any home for her.

"It seems to me that things were better when women didn't have to go from home to work, and the men did it all, and the women kept the homes."

"Yes," she replied weakly. "It seems as if a home of one's own, no matter how small or poor, should be like heaven"—

"Miss Lovejoy, forgive me if I seem abrupt, but would you care for a home with me? Don't speak yet. I have watched you a long time. You are not like the other girls, silly and frivolous. They think of nothing but dress and nonsense. I have loved you longer than you know. I should not have dared to speak, but I cannot bear that you should remain any longer in that store. It was—is killing you. It is not the life for you. We will have a little home, and you shall be its queen. Will you be my wife—my dear wife?"

Ida gasped for breath, and for one blissful moment she looked at him with inexpressible love and joy, and then she sank fainting to the floor.

Charlie went away elated. This very fainting fit from excess of joy over his proposal seemed very right and proper to him. He was sincerely in love with her and would make her a good husband.

For three long days Ida kept her bed. She was on the verge of nervous collapse, the doctor said, but at last she was able to creep downstairs to the parlor to see Charlie, who came daily with flowers and fruit.

The other girls quickly understood the matter and were affected differently. Not one of the girls in that store but would have been glad of his attention.

"Oh, but ain't she the sly puss?" said Minnie, while Adeline replied:

"And she ain't pretty either. I don't see what he finds in her."

At that moment the senora came in just in time to hear Minnie say:

"I think what must have attracted him is her long reach. She can stan

IDA BURST INTO A PASSION OF TEARS.

flat foot and hand her parcels clear over the partition. I never saw such a long reach, did you?"

"No; and one day I saw her reach clear around a standard of plumes and take a rose spray and never touch a feather. Her shoulder just seems to stretch like it was rubber. Oh, senora! Good evening. Take this chair."

The Spanish lady smiled a little perfunctorily and sat down rather heavily. A flood of light seemed to pour into her brain, but with the long habit of repression common to Spanish women she said nothing. After awhile she went to her room to think it out.

During these three wretched days Ida thought she should lose her mind and divulge her terrible secret. She knew that happiness was not for her—a thief—and she must tell him so, but not with all these chattering girls around.

In consideration for her pale face and sunken eyes Charlie remained but a few minutes and left, accepting her postponement for the next evening. She would tell him then, and it would be all over.

Then she crept feebly upstairs, but as she reached the first landing the senora was there smiling and saying:

"Come in and rest, dear. You must not go up another stair without rest."

"Thank you," whispered Ida, and she staggered in, looking for some way to drop the ring which she had in her bosom.

She sat a few seconds in silence; then, impelled by a force she could not resist, she stammered:

"Have you found your ring?"

"Yes, dear Ida; I have found it. You may give it now."

Ida burst into a passion of tears and sobs and sank to the ground in utter abasement while she gave back the ring.

"I—I—oh, senora, forgive me!"

"Tell me all about it—why for you do it."

Brokenly Ida told the whole miserable story, and the senora wept with her, for the Spanish women are muy sympatica. Then she kissed the repentant girl, saying:

"I see; I see. It is all right. I have my dear husband's ring. You have your home—your good husband"—

"Oh, senora, I cannot marry. I must tell him, and he will cast me off."

"No, no. You have tell me. You have give back. You have repent. You will never do such thing again. Ah, my dear, we all do wrong sometimes. Now, this is my secret, no longer yours. No one else must know. I know, and I love you. But mans are not made to know everything. It is not necessary; you have no longer a secret to tell him. See?"

And Ida dried her eyes and smiled again.

### Not at Home.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" inquired the caller.

"No, ma'am, she isn't," replied the maid.

"Then it was you who was singing so dreadfully out of tune when I turned the corner," said the caller.

"No, indeed, ma'am!" cried the indignant maid. "That was missus."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Plenty of Company.

"Loan shark, is he?"

"I should say not! There are whole schools of him in this town."—New York Press.

## HANGING THE BABIES.

### Whistler's Arrangement of the Pictures a Joke on the Artists.

Late in life, when people had begun to realize the genius of the man, Whistler was asked to arrange the annual Liverpool exhibition, and here, in his own words, is how he did it, according to Heinemann's "Life of Whistler."

"You know, the academy baby by the dozen had been sent in, and I got them all in my gallery, and in the center at one end I placed the birth of the baby—splendid—and opposite the baby with the mustard pot and opposite that the baby with the puppy and in the center, on one side, the baby ill, doctor holding its pulse, mother weeping; on the other, by the door, the baby dead—the baby's funeral—baby from the cradle to the grave—baby in heaven, babies of all kinds and shapes all along the line; not crowded, you know, hung with proper respect for the baby.

"And on the varnishing day in came the artists, each making for his own baby—amazing! His baby on the line—nothing could be better! And they all shook my hand and thanked me—and went to look—at the other men's babies—and they saw babies in front of them, babies behind them, babies to the right of them, babies to left of them. And then—you know—their faces fell—they didn't seem to like it—and—well—hn, hn, they never asked me to hang the pictures again at Liverpool!"

## THE VENTRILOQUIST.

### Only an Amateur, but His Exhibition Was a Success.

"I was one of a house party up the Thames," said an amateur ventriloquist. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after some I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still.

"Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in a loud and angry voice:

"'Hello! What are you doing up there?'

"To my amazement a thin young voice replied:

"'I ain't doin' no harm, mister. I'm just a-watchin' the big bugs.'

"The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. Pulling myself together, I went on:

"'Did any one give you permission to climb up into that tree?'

"'Yes, sir. The second groom, sir. He's my cousin.'

"'Well,' said I, 'so far there's no harm done, but be careful not to fall, and don't let any one see you.'

"'All right, mister,' said the humble voice.

"I turned to my audience and smiled and bowed triumphantly. They broke into thunderous applause. They said that they had never listened to ventriloquism so superb. And they were quite right, too."—London Answers.

### Rats' Cold Weather Retreat.

Many animals snuggle together for warmth in bitter weather, as the squirrels and the rats. Those who go rat ting in hedges and dells in the winter know they may try a dozen freshly used burrows without finding a rat, when suddenly from a single hole the rats will come pouring out in a stream of frenzied fur. Twenty or more rats will lie together in one hole.

They are clever enough to block up a hole on the windward side to keep out the draft, so that when a rat hole is noted newly stopped with soil, turnip leaves or grass here is almost certain indication that rats are within. Like the squirrels, they store food for winter, and the keeper may find it more difficult to secure his potatoes from frost than from the attack of the most numerous of his furred foes.—London Standard.

### A Rattled Bridegroom.

Some few years ago a man of mature age found himself playing first fiddle to marriage bells. Then they hied themselves away, as others have done, to Niagara Falls. He chuckled to himself as he took a pen to enter on a hotel register for the first time "John Doe and wife."

He thought he wrote with the easy air of one who had so written it there many years and turned carelessly away.

On leaving the proprietor inquired, "I hope you have enjoyed your honeymoon with us."

"Sir-r?" But he merely turned the register back and pointed to this entry, "John Doe and bride."

He had been as "rattled" as any boy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Safest Employment.

The person who is least affected by trade depression and "slumps" in production is the peasant proprietor. So long as his acres produce corn, potatoes, peas, beans, fruit, milk and vegetables he is safe enough from hunger. His sheep will give wool, and homespun is excellent wear. His is the safe, primitive and elemental profession where a man lives close to the earth, the great mother.—Dublin Irish Homestead.

### Hard Names.

"Calling names doesn't make any real difference," said the conservative campaigner.

"No," answered the scientist. "If it did those Latin titles we have bestowed on germs would have discouraged them long ago."—Washington Star.

### Art For Art's Sake.

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work."

"So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.


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Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. H. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isberwood, Bradford
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John F. Devlin, Bradford
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. O. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. B. Lorry, Coryville
Coroner—E. K. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. E. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Wolfkey, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—H. C. Greason.
Constable—U. R. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, R. Reddish, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Greason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rabin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

## Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 5, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ARBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHARDS, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 18, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JESSIE EBERBACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.
ED. IRONS, S

## Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

*Episcopal*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

*All Saints' Memorial Chapel*—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. E. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 2 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.


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SHE WAS SOBBING AS HE CAME TO HER.

# For a Woman's Need

By ROY NORTON

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There was nearly an adventure befell me in a pretty broad circuit of life that tickled my ribs to a proper tune, and I have cackled over some of the capades with a wider mouth than ever I sat out the most rousing comedy of the playhouse. But of all the chances that I encountered, what most rarely served my palate was this unexpected meeting in the west country, which, I admit at the outset, and ere I saw clearly the shape of the predicament, set my heart a-bobbing fast enough. It fell in this way:

'Twas on a Monday in the late summer of that year of grace 1685 that I rode up from the valleys of the north in the company of Tony Flack, and we came to a pause upon the hind quarters of Exeter town. Tony himself was for caution, and would have us turn away to a little roadside tavern that we both knew for a safe resting place, with a staunch innkeeper to boot. But I was for Exeter itself, for, to say the truth, my stomach was sour with those rank swipes of the country-side, and 'twas some days since I champed my teeth about a town. The facts argued with Tony, chicken-hearted as he was, and I will not deny it; for there right before us lay the argument, in the shape of a rumbling, muddy, parti-colored chaise that was creeping up the hill. Now it had so fallen out, more by way of a jest than by any material design, that we had sacrificed the occupant of this same carriage some ten miles back in the thick of a waste moorland that afternoon. 'Twas a mere idle freak, taken out of wantonness and upon a merry dinner, and by no means for the sake of the guinea or two that we found in his pockets. Tony gives the nag a slap of his sword and off she goes a-spinning down the highway for dear life, with the coachman all a-sweat with terror and the melancholy visage of a gentleman in his red periwig hanging out of the window; while there we stood, the two of us, laughing a broadside. The nag had a piebald front to her, and the chaise, as I have said, was in several colors; and thus it happened that, the lights falling suddenly on 'em in that tail of the day, as we came out upon the back of Exeter, Tony drew up and shoved his paw forward with a mighty blank face.

"See here, Dick!" says he. "And what d'ye think of that?"

'Twas plain enough what I made of it, but I only laughed.

"I make a chaise and the half," says I, "and I warrant to make two by the time we reach Exeter," for, to be sure, swipes or no swipes, we had, each of us, a good warm lining for the stomach.

Tony cast me a surly glance. "Rot you!" said he, "an' if the liquor spoil your wits, I'll be d—n if it shall mine. Nor I won't run my neck into the noose for you nor any like you."

"You're a white-livered sort of cur, you are, Tony," said I with another laugh. "And I suppose the traps will be waiting for us in a posse outside the White Hart. And I shouldn't wonder if the topsman himself was to snatch off his hat to us as we passed by."

"Sink me!" growled Tony, "you forgot 'twas broad daylight when we took 'em."

"Well," says I, "I have a notion to sleep in Exeter, and I mind me of a very dainty belly under my belt."

But Tony was still in a sour mood, and though he jogged his horse to my summons, he spoke no word as we went up the hill. The chaise had vanished, but for all that I could see his thoughts were twittering about it. And in this way we rode up into the town, sprinkled with growing lights, and 'twas not until we came abreast of the White Hart that Tony opened his mouth.

There was a spice of hail, very hard and plain, and upon two sides there opened doors into the further parts of the house; but the third was filled with a series of windows, separating a little privy corner, in which sat the innkeeper, very greasy and affable of look. I threw down a guinea and he fetched out a pint of wine, the which drunken, I turned on my heels and clattered up to a great door set with brass knobs, that the little fat landlord was on my heels in a moment.

"You cannot enter there," said he in a great taking. "'Tis a private room, and not for strangers."

But with the wine newly bubbling in my head, I made little of him. "Tho. devil!" said I. "I will have what I pay for, and I will enter where I list."

He clasped my arm. "Sir! sir!" he cried, "indeed this will be most vexatious to his lordship, and will lose me his custom."

—Now, 'tis certain enough that had I conserved my wits more properly, and that dismal juice was not so burnt in my blood, I would never have risked this place of deviltry.

The room was buzzing with sound, and the warmth and the fare pleased me very well. But where the devil was I gotten, and who the devil these cullies might me, and why I was thus politely admitted to the board—these were the enigmas that floated about in my head. Not that I was in any embarrassment; for it was enough for me if I was to be entertained thus royally, waited upon with the best, and conjoined with a high company, such as was scattered about me—and all without so much as a single trespass upon the pocket. But by and by my civil neighbor turned to me.

"You are late," says he. "I suppose you were held at the court; or do you ride from town?"

"Well," says I, very careful, for I am not the man to trip myself over a word, "in a manner you may say yes," I says; and I took a draught of the tanker afore me.

"Ah!" he said, and seemed to puzzle his wits over the rejoinder; but I conceived he was in no very active condition of mind, and it is like enough that what I said seemed from some corners of aspect to contain a sensible answer. So he followed after my example and sipped his wine meditatively.

"His lordship," says he, soon again, "is in high feather this evening."

"You may say that," said I, delivering a glance towards the head of the table, where sat a long-faced, handsome looking fellow, whom, to say sooth, I had not yet minded in the satisfaction of my appetite, "he is filling a paunch, I warrant," I said, with a laugh.

"Hush!" whispered he, with a scared look on his face, and glancing about him, "you will be overheard."

"Overheard!" I said. "Am I a wench that must walk mimmouthed through her wine and not deal in the king's plain English? I permit no man to dictate me upon my language—not I."

The fellow stared at me for a time, and then: "You have a bold tongue," said he, with what I could perceive was a hint of the ironic. "I have no doubt you ply it well. What is your court?" says he.

here. He lashed out with his knotted right fist, caught the foreman a hammerlike blow on the chin and doubled him up in the air. There was a kind of squatter that hadn't been met before.

A whirlwind couldn't have worked faster. The four struck at him, and kicked him, and endeavored to bring him to the ground. He felt himself being overpowered, and worked his hand to the butt of his revolver. It spoke with one quick snap, and the snarl was untangled.

One man seized a useless shoulder, through which the bullet had torn its way, and the others sprang for their weapons. Sandy tried to wing one of them, and found that his remaining cartridges were defective.

This wouldn't do. He must take to cover and put in fresh ones. He jumped, with long leaps, toward one of the barriers of fallen trees and sought shelter. As he dropped down behind his logs, two rifle bullets sang dangerously past his head, and went "flick-flicking" through the tree tops.

Sandy stood behind a log, with feverish energy threw out the cartridges which had failed him in his need, and inserted fresh ones from his belt. Then he clambered along to a point where he could catch a sight of his battlefield, and took a survey. Not a target was in sight. He worked his way back, cut a stick, and shoved his hat upward to the top of the log, trying to draw his enemies' fire. It was effective and the old hat went sailing to the ground behind him. He rushed to a point of observation and took another look, but nowhere was an enemy in sight. Not even a rifle barrel protruded from behind any of the forest giants, who calmly furnished shelter.

Sandy recovered the hat, and from a new point of vantage tried his ruse. It failed to attract attention. Plainly his opponents were enemies of no mean caliber. An old trick could be played upon them once, but that was all. He must either retreat or use new tactics. The first alternative was untenable, because he "never had run yit," and the second meant a reconnoiter. Sandy made his way around the thicket, and by the aid of another fallen log gained an angle, from which he peered. An elbow was in sight. He would practice on that.

"Whang" went his pistol, and the elbow lurched violently, and smothered oaths told that the shot had been well aimed. Sandy smiled. The joy of battle was on him. He felt that exultation which comes from deadly strife. He wanted to yell. It would have helped him, he felt sure. He caught sight of a head and fired, but evidently missed. That bothered him a little. Misses were not in his line. It must be the fault of the cartridges again.

Once more he emptied his pistol and carefully inspected each load as he placed it in its chamber. "Too bad," he mused, "to lose that last shot! Fellers that sell no-account cartridges like those ought ter have the law on 'em. Goin' ter smash that feller one, next time I see him."

Then the battle became slow. Sandy couldn't work farther around his barricade and, peep as he would, he could catch no sight of an enemy. Well, they being the strongest, it was "up to" them to come and hunt him. He would wait.

Bees hummed busily through the air, seeking the blossoms of the woodland for the gathering of their spoil. The birds returned and began their twittering, and from off in the forest a woodpecker's hammer recommenced a tapping into the bark. In the distance the cooing of a wild pigeon lent a melancholy note. The time crept forward and, on each side, the combatants waited for the next move. Sandy was getting restless and had almost resolved to take a chance on creeping in a wide detour around his men, and by this flanking movement to gain a shot or two.

From back of him came a sound of footsteps, padding across the needles. He threw himself at length upon the ground and wriggled his way to a place where no shot might reach. So his enemies had "beat him to it," and were rounding him up? Woe be to the first one who came in sight! What was the fool doing, anyway?

"Woof," came a snort from the rear. Sandy recognized the sound as being the satisfied grunt of a brown bear who, in fancied security, had made his way to a thicket of blackberries. But what was that other sound? More footsteps, and then a louder snort from the bear, a woman's scream, and the noise of tearing thickets as the animal plunged through the underbrush in flight.

The red-headed one, forgetful of danger, with curiosity at highest pitch, his composure startled by this wonderful occurrence of that unusual sound—a woman's voice—stretched his head over his rear breastwork and yelled "Hello!"

In his excitement he raised his head too high, and a rifle ball went whizzing through the top of his hat. Sandy ducked down, while from out in front a man's voice broke into curses directed at the one who had fired the shot.

"Can't you see," the voice expostulated, "that maybe she's in range over there—you damn fool!"

Sandy paid no heed to this remark, and it is doubtful if he even heard it, because all his attention was attracted toward the great unusual, the feminine side.

"Help! Help!" the woman's voice called. "Ugh! There was a great big bear here a minute ago, and I have fallen off a log into the bushes, and I can't get up, and there may be whole herds of bears down here in the dark, for all I can see. Why don't you help me?"

"Jest keep yer shirt on a minute," Sandy called reassuringly, "and I'll get around and help you. I'm a trifle busy out in front just now." Then he tried to make the wait easier by assuring her that the "b'ar had biked, and there wa'n't nothin' down there to hurt her."

"But why don't you come at once?" the voice insisted.

"Got to kill a few fellers out here in front first," Sandy apologized. "Ef it wa'n't for that, I'd come now."

The voice was silent for a moment, as the woman evidently tried to think over a situation that made it necessary for a man to "kill a few fellers" before coming to her aid.

"Hey, you!" came a masculine voice from out in front.

"Yep," responded Sandy.

"Woman back there?"

"Yep."

"Must be Missus Burrows. S'pose we call it quits till we talk to her."

Sandy's gun went back into his holster with a muffled snip. So this voice was Mrs. Burrows, the wife of A. Burrows, the man who was trying to rob Sandy of all he had in the world! It made no difference, she was a woman and in distress. The fight could wait. He would accept the truce; but it should be merely a truce, and no more. They couldn't have his claim.

"It's a go," he called to the enemy, and then, trusting to the chivalry of the frontier, paid no more attention to them and devoted himself to the rescue of the feminine voice.

Down in a cleft, between two great trees that had given up their lives and had sought rest on the ground, enmeshed in blackberry bushes, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, he found her. She was sobbing as he came. He reassured her and had led her from the thicket out into the open before his late adversaries came upon them.

They grouped themselves silently around. Sandy glared at them uncompromisingly. Two of them had rudely bandaged arms, and one had the haggard look of a man who has lost much blood. Dimly the woman realized that she had interrupted a tragedy.

"Oh, you are hurt!" she said, as she looked at the men. Then, turning to Sandy, she continued: "You see, these men work for me. I bought a claim from a locator down in Seattle, and hired these men to come and build my cabin—and now—and now two of them are hurt."

She turned toward them as Sandy sternly motioned to them to keep silence. They saw from his attitude that something inexplicable had happened, and acquiesced. They stood awkwardly, while she looked from one to the other in vague questioning.

"You see, I fell, and my rifle went off—and—and, well, I got scratched just a leetle mite," said the man with the shattered elbow, and Sandy loved him for the lie.

"Yes, just an accident," glibly chimed in the foreman.

They looked from one to the other, and the ruffians brought relief by suggesting that it was time to make camp. One man began the opening of their packs, while the wounded were cared for. Sandy took grim satisfaction from the thought that the shot that caught the elbow had been a good one. But there was the woman.

"So you are 'A. Burrows'?" he said.

"Yes. You see, my full name is Anna, but I have been writing it with the initial so long, since my husband died, that it comes natural now." And her laughter smote upon him as a blow.

Here was his enemy—a woman. And it was her men whom he had fought, and it was her claim-notice that threatened him, and she a widow, who had paid money to professional locators to put her upon his ground. Yes—his ground! Ground that he had paid for with money and labored effort, and by following the maze of the

He Lashed Out with His Right.

law's technicalities. "His home!" The home that he had built and loved with a tenderness that came of years of longing for it. Anyway, thinking took time, and he must find the right way out.

So Sandy told Mrs. Burrows that he had a good cabin below there, and that she must be his guest that night at least, and until her men got a camp established. He urged his hospitality, and the foreman added his insistence.

As they walked down the trail and came in sight of its homely comfort, she went into ecstasies over its trimness and picturesqueness, and over the great, majestic view of peaks and valleys that stretched away in the distance from the brow of the hill. But every word of praise, that but a few days ago would have gladdened the big man's heart, was as a knife-thrust, searching out and opening up to him those things which he had always seen and felt, but could not have put into words.

For once Dick got no word of greeting. Two big, rough hands held the head up where the eyes could be looked into, but his master was beyond words. Could he have spoken he would have said: "Dick, Dick, they want our home."

It wasn't a very reassuring tale that Sandy listened to that night, and when he went out to roll himself into his blankets beneath the stars, having surrendered his rooftree to his guest, sleep failed to close his eyelids. He was fighting a battle which must be alone.

The widow had no other means than those which had been paid to the locators ("timber sharks," Sandy silently called them), and had come into these solitudes to make for herself and her son a home which would render them independent when the lumber companies came with the big mills to turn the giant trees into gold. The wait would not be long, especially as this claim was one of the most desirable in the region. Two or three years at the most, and Mrs. Burrows would be surrounded by farms instead of by forests, and she would be beyond want for life. But Sandy had seen that and more, too. For in this cabin, which rested on the hill back of him, was that consummation of his years of dreams—a "home." Every log in the humble pile had been squared with infinite care and sentiment; every shelf and homely convenience within it had carried a portion of his heart; and every "shake" in the roof had been to him but one step more toward a permanent shelter. The splendid ring of his adze had sung to him, to the tune of the wilderness, that at last his days of traveling and travail were at an end.

What should he do? What could he do? To contest the claim was, of course, to win, because his title was clear and unimpeachable. But to do so would end the dreams of a woman, a creature of the weaker sex, a portion of mankind that was to be fought for instead of against, that was to be treated tenderly and with reverence, that was unable to fight its own battles.

In the cabin, yonder, she slept, dreaming even more beautiful dreams than Sandy had ever known, of a home to be. And, worst of all, she probably thought the real owner was a "squatter," one of those shiftless, incomodious tramps of the wilderness, despised by all "homesteaders" as well as by Sandy Smith.

Dick came and, with a cold muzzle, tried to explain that he was surprised at his own sleeplessness, and was in sympathy with his master's. And from the dog Sandy took comfort.

"You old rascal," he said, patting the head which had been laid trustingly beside his, "you're worth a dozen timber sharks, as you don't suffer as much as lots of men. Your game ain't been an easy one, either, what with losin' your leg. Just go to sleep and thank the Lord that you got your tail left. There's a heap o' satisfaction in bein' able to wag along."

When her men reported at the cabin door in the morning, they found it open, the morning meal out of the way, and Sandy busily making up a pack. Again he glowered at them and took satisfaction from the appearance of the bandaged elbs. He clumped into the cabin and took down the moldering pack-straps from their peg, drew them tightly around his canvas-covered blankets in which were wrapped his bacon, beans, flour and tea; he added the frying pan, coffee pot and ax to the outer lashings. Then he swung the pack to his back and settled his shoulders into the arm-straps. He picked up the rifle at his feet, and stood in the cabin door.

"Missus Burrows," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you kin have this cabin and all that's in it. It's on your land, you know, because I ain't nothin' but a squatter. Hope you like the place."

Before she could reply, he was gone out to where her men squatted on a log.

"Damn you!" he snarled as he stood before them. "Don't think I'm leavin', because there's four of you. I'm goin' on off out into the west, somewhere where there ain't no stakes, to take a new claim. An' unless it's a woman who jumps it, there ain't men enough in the Olympics to take the new claim away from me."

The thrusting of Dick's nose into his unoccupied hand aroused other thoughts. He turned back to the open door wherein stood the woman.

"I'd be much obliged if you'd take good care of Dick fur me," he said, "because he can't travel much. I had to lug him on my back most of the way up here, an' I've got a long ways to go—maybe the trail won't never end. Be good to him. He's a good fellow, even if he ain't got but three legs."

Then, with a final scowl at the men, he swung out and into the darkness of the woods, while behind him a crippled dog threw his head into the air and howled mournfully. It was the farewell of desolation.

Weeks of weary quest passed over Sandy's tired head. Go as he would, there was no spot open to him, no place which could be considered desirable, that welcomed him as a claimant, and no niche wherein he might with security rebuild his home. Time and again he had faced starvation, and always hardship and fatigue had been his only companions. It was useless. He had decided, with a weary heart, to make his way back out of this country where everything worth having had been taken, go to Seattle and turn his face to the far north. His route led him near the old home. He hungered for a sight of Dick and for the companionship of his great sympathetic eyes and caressing nose.

The trees took on a familiar look as he neared his old borderline, and he thought bitterly of his relinquishment of all that life had held for him there. He came suddenly on a new clearing and a new cabin, and stopped in amazement.

A sunny-faced woman stepped to the open door, and a dog sprang past her awkwardly, making his way with mouthings of welcome to Sandy's side. The man knelt on the ground and took the big, kindly beast's head in his hands, and held it against his face. Here at last was a friend.

"What did you do it for?" Mrs. Burrows asked. "The locators came the day after you left, and said that there had been a mistake, and that my claim was the one adjoining yours. They said that you clearly owned the one which you lived on; and then I heard all about the fight. We tried to find you, but you had gone, no one knew where. After they had built this for

"What Did You Do It For?"

me, I took care of your place, too, because both Dick and I knew you would come back some time. Why did you ever give it up? Go back to it. It's yours, and we have all been keeping it for you."

"Two of us is workin' for her now," said a man with a bandaged arm who came up, "and we want to be your friends. You're worth knowing."

Sandy, overjoyed and dazed, walked down the trail.

There before him, with freshly planted flowers in front of the cabin, and other marked evidences of improvement and attention, stood "home." In the fading light of the west, where the dying sun lighted up their snow-clad peaks and left in shadow their somber forests, stood the hills—his hills—unchanged and waiting and welcoming.

A weary man entered the silent cabin where everything stood as of old, and bowed his head upon his hands over the little pine table, while his body was shaken with sobs. And at his feet a crippled dog nestled with a great sigh of contentment.

## THE KAISER AS GODFATHER.

Honor Conferred on Every Seventh Son Born in the Fatherland.

Apropos of the kaiser's recent treat to the school children of Highcliffe, it is not generally known that he is godfather to every seventh son born in the fatherland. He takes an interest in them, too, as the following incident shows. When passing through the Rhine provinces some time back he stopped at a moers, and during his inspection of the soldiery and children his attention was drawn to his small "patchenkind," a seventh son, who was brought by his father, a stolid peasant, to be introduced to his imperial godfather. The kaiser spoke very kindly to the man, patted the child, which the empress took in her arms and kissed in a most motherly fashion. After making many inquiries as to the health, age and future prospects of his small godson, the emperor shook the father heartily by the hand, at the same time pressing into it a 100-mark note. The man was too bewildered to reply, and merely stood staring after the imperial pair, when the imperial aide-de-camp, who was just behind, said, smilingly: "And you never even said thank you." "Ach, gott!" exclaimed the other, recovering himself. "And so I ought to have done." And without waiting he rushed after the kaiser, touched him unceremoniously on the arm, and caught hold of his hand and shook it heartily, exclaiming at the same time: "Herr kaiser, I thank you; I thank you." The emperor had turned around very sharply at such familiarity, all his dignity roused, but when he saw who it was, shook him again by the hand and laughed as he passed on.—London P. T. O.

### Rivers Beneath London Streets.

Among the many curious things that have at one time or another been found beneath the London streets, not the least interesting are the buried rivers, streams that have fallen on evil days. There were at least four known to preceding generations—the Westbourne, whence we get Westbourne Grove, wherein the late Mr. Whiteley achieved fame as the "Universal Provider;" the Tyburn, destined to give its name to a place of ill omen; the Holebourne (or Fleet), from which is derived the name of perhaps the most famous street in newspaperdom, and, lastly, the Wall Brook, a name not unknown to city men.

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# The D. H. Jones Log Drive.

By FRANK H. SWEET

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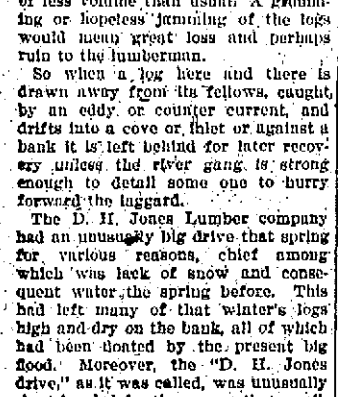
DURING a big log drive there is no time for anything but just keeping the logs in motion, especially if the current be swift and the river narrow, for then there is always danger of a jam. The river men must be quick of eye, alert and with little fear for life or limb. The drive must be kept compact and moving at whatever cost and the more so if the spring flood be on the wane or of less volume than usual. A jamming or hopeless jumbling of the logs would mean great loss and perhaps ruin to the lumberman.

So when a log here and there is drawn away from its fellows, caught by an eddy or counter current, and drifts into a cove or inlet or against a bank it is left behind for later recovery unless the river gang is strong enough to detail some one to hurry forward the laggard.

The D. H. Jones Lumber company had an unusually big drive that spring for various reasons, chief among which was lack of snow and consequent water the spring before. This had left many of that winter's logs high and dry on the bank, all of which had been donated by the present big flood. Moreover, the "D. H. Jones drive," as it was called, was unusually short handed for the reason that smallpox had broken out in camp, and the gang was not only obliged to do without the services of the sick ones, but also of the men who had volunteered to look after them. So now as the huge rafflike mass, covering a half mile of the river length, went sweeping down on the flood it required every man of them to control the broad, tempestuous surface. Sometimes for rods together, when the river ran smooth between straight banks, there would be scarcely a quiver among the logs. Then a bit of rapids or a narrowing sweep around a curve would seem to quicken every individual log into life, and they would twist and turn and jump end on end, each apparently determined to make the journey in its own way without regard to its fellows. Then the river men would have to risk life on the quickness of their eyes and feet as they sprang from log to log, twisting and swaying with the tossings of their mad footholds and thrusting their poles here and there with strong, desperate precision to steady the course of a log or avert a threatened jam.

D. H. Jones had been at the logging camp most of the winter, watching and stimulating the men at the work, and when snow fell on snow, covering the land deeper and yet deeper, although it would retard the chopping



WENT SWEEPING DOWN ON THE FLOOD.

somewhat, his seamed face had expressed more and more his increasing satisfaction, and then when a sudden thaw, followed by a warm rain, had come in the spring, just as the last log was skidded to the river bank, his satisfaction was complete. It was an open secret that this was to be the last winter of a lifetime of lumbering and that when the logs were sold he and his only daughter, Florence, would go to Europe for a long rest.

But D. H. Jones was an old man, and when the winter snow began to melt into the stream by a thousand rivulets his strength gave out, and he had to leave the direct oversight to his foreman. He only went down the river twenty miles or so, however, and there took rooms at a cottage on the bank from which he could watch the drive go by. The next morning his daughter, Florence, joined him.

Much of the old man's time was now spent in a rowboat, and usually Florence accompanied him, sometimes rowing herself, but more often leaving her father to manage the oars, for his mind seemed most at rest when his hands were actively employed.

The trips were always in one direction—up the river—and the second day were repeated a dozen times. They were careful to keep near the shore, however, and to avoid the swifter currents. The old man was an experienced boatman. But neither experience nor strength nor skill could be counted on as a safeguard against a spring flood. The third morning they were out almost with the light, and now, as the river above them began to clear, the old man's face lost its expression of impatient anxiety. Far up the stream, where it narrowed into churning rapids, the water seemed suddenly lost in a solid wall of logs, upon which were running and leaping figures which even at that distance the owner's eager eyes could trace into familiar shapes. An hour, and the forms were plainly visible. Another, and the drive was opposite, with the owner and his daughter upon the bank, trying to distinguish what the foreman near the other shore was shouting to them.

To the girl it was only a succession of hoarse sounds. But her father listened eagerly and from time to time nodded his head approvingly, shaking it only once in dissent. At that time he threw his own hollowed palms to his mouth in some hoarse answer or explanation. Florence listened derisively.

"Was that just a recognition yell, like the boys make, father," she questioned, "or was it some sort of signal?"

Her father smiled down at her indulgently.

"Mac was telling me about the drive," he answered, "and how they managed so far to keep the bulk of the logs in a compact mass. Of course there are a good many laggards and castaways on account of the unusual size of the drive and the lack of men to control it, but they are much fewer than one might expect under the circumstances. I told Mac not to bother about them until after he passed the long rapids, forty miles below, then to send a man back to dislodge all the grounded and snagged logs and start them afloat after the main body. Beyond the long rapids the river will be clearer, and Mac can easily spare a man. If only the water will keep up long enough I think we can get them all down to market, and then," with an odd note of wondering anticipation in his voice, "we will start off on our long vacation. I haven't taken a rest from work in over thirty years, Florence."

"But will these few stray logs make any difference, father?" the girl asked, her voice growing tender. "They are such a tiny, tiny part of the whole lot?"

"I know, and very likely I could spare them without feeling it, but just spring the logs failed to run, and I have two years' expenses to meet, notes renewed for the men's wages, payments for timber lands and many other items of cost. The amount will be very large, and, though that great mass of logs will far more than meet it, I do not want to take any chances. The number of stray logs will likely run into hundreds and their value into thousands. It will be several days before a man can be sent back, of course, but if the water stays up ten days longer he can float them all in."

"Will it?"

"I—hope so," doubtfully. "At any rate, it is all that can be done. The logs cannot pass the long rapids under three or four days, and it will take another for the man to reach here; then it will take time to loosen and start the logs over such a distance."

"Then another man, then, at once," she advised, "and not waste so much time waiting."

Her father laughed.

"You don't know the country at this season, Florence," he said. "I am not the only man taking advantage of this high water. I couldn't hire a man, or boy even, at any price. They are all engaged."

"Then I'll start the logs loose myself," sturdily. "I can do it."

"In the quieter water, yes, but not in the rapids and swift currents. But I'll tell you what we can do, Florence. In the morning we will row up the river as far as we can, keeping away from the dangerous places. We can start some afloat perhaps, and every one will count. A few weeks ago I could have done the job myself, but I would not dare to attempt it now."

So the next morning they were again out with the light and rowing slowly up the river, this time keeping watchful eyes on the bank, especially where the water eddied in under overhanging boughs or the banks fell away into quiet coves and shallows. The far side was too distant, with too swift intervening currents for them to venture across.

Several logs were found and released, and then, just as they were passing a bend, a mile or so up, D. H. Jones suddenly paused on his oars with an exclamation of wonder. Logs were coming down the river, dozens of them—hundreds, it seemed, as his gaze swept incredulously from side to side—and several of the foremost were already floating around and past their boat. Then a low warning from Florence caused him to look toward midstream, and there, not more than three or four rods away and being borne swiftly by the current, was a young man standing upright in a boat and gazing toward them. For an instant D. H. Jones stared, then his face darkened.

"It is the son of a cook I discharged two winters ago for stealing," he said. "Barker, the foreman I had before Mac, caught him."

"And yet I think I heard you say that you discharged Barker himself for stealing later," observed Florence.

"Yes, and now young Brown is following in their footsteps. A few dozen of these logs carefully concealed for awhile and with my mark removed would be valuable booty. Hi, you there, Ike Brown," raising his voice suddenly, "what are you doing with my logs?"

"Floating 'em," the boy answered grimly. "Can't you see?"

"What for?"

"Another fool question. To follow your drive, of course. I haven't been able to get any work, thanks to the way you turned off my father, so I'm looking after the logs. I've started down 268 so far. I can't stand seeing good logs wasted, even if they do belong to somebody I don't like."

"Are you telling the truth," sharply, "and not"—

"Stealing them, do you mean?" indignantly. "No, sir, my people don't steal. It was your own foreman took the things my father was turned off for. Barker is working over by Coon

FOR AN INSTANT D. H. JONES STARED.

lake now and is wearing the very overcoat and pair of boots. You can go and see for yourself."

D. H. Jones looked at his daughter with troubled face.

"I'm half afraid young Brown is telling the truth," he said slowly, "and that Barker was a rascal all the way through, though I didn't know till afterward. I'm afraid"—

"Afraid!" echoed his daughter. "Why, you mean glad, father."

"Yes, yes, of course. I ought to have said that." He looked across toward the young man. The space was widening between them.

"Oh, look here, Ike," he called, "you keep on with the logs just as you are doing, and if things turn out as you say I'll give you $20 for the job and will get you steady employment with the man who buys me out. And, oh, yes! Tell your father I'll make it all right with him too. I'll send a man over to Coon lake this very day."

He did, and it was just as Ike said, and then—which proved a very good thing for Ike—D. H. Jones did all he had promised and a little more.

### First Pretzels Made in America.

According to information furnished by an old historian, the Rauch family of Lancaster county, Pa., is given the credit of having baked the first pretzels in this country in the year 1810. It is said that the first pretzel bakery established on the banks of the Schuylkill (in Reading) was owned by Lichtenthealer, who was born in Lititz March 17, 1817.

It is said that one John William Rauch, by trade a weaver and a maker of chip hats and brooms, was asked by the Moravian congregation to take up baking, as the town of Lititz was in need of such help. He consented to do so in connection with his trade. One day an old German happened to call upon John Rauch and in return for material assistance offered to teach him the secret of making what he called "bretzels." They baked in a small way at first for local trade.

Ambrose Rauch, the son of John, was peddling brooms through the country at the time and prevailed upon his father to allow him to offer pretzels to the trade. They took immediately, and the fame of this particular make soon spread throughout Lancaster county, where today it is the custom to serve the salty titbit with ice cream, with little Dutch lunches, with a tasty cold snack in connection with cheese, frequently with a cup of hot chocolate, often with soup or bouillon, and in that section it may take the place of nuts in chocolate fudge.—Bakers' Weekly.

### An Actor's Poetic Ideal.

"They have been telling me," said John McCullough, the tragedian, "that Walt Whitman is a poet, and they have been reading some of the spavined stuff that he has written. It is a profanation to talk of such a writer as a poet." Then, blazing with emotion, he launched into a panegyric of poetry and a description of the poetic province—the ministry of beauty, the interpretations of nature, the alluring revealment of high ideals, the exaltation of the human soul. "A catalogue is not a poem," he said. "There is no such thing as poetry in mere animal life. The name of poet is the grandest name that can be applied to any human being. Shakespeare was a poet. Shelley was a poet." He rose as he spoke, and he repeated, with amazing fluency and delicious modulation, many passages of Shelley's "Epipsychidion." Art could do no more. "That is poetry," he said, and all that he thus said is true.—From "Other Days," by William Winter.

### Her Awful Sin.

A little girl of six once went in great distress to her mother, saying that she had committed a sin which could never be forgiven and which was too bad to be repeated. By dint of a little coaxing she was induced to make a full confession, which was in this wise:

"I felt so sorry for poor Satan and wanted to give him a little comfort. So I got a glass of cold water and poured it down a little hole in the kitchen floor."

### Discourteous.

At a game of "definitions" a discourteous wag gave just offense once to a dashing woman as "a creature that was made after man and has been after him ever since!"

### Her Exact Age.

"How old is Belle?"

"Twenty-four her last six birthdays."—Boston Transcript.

Benevolent feeling ennobles the most trifling actions.—Thackeray.

## AFTER DEATH.

### Large Parts of the Body Retain Life For a Time.

To the unscientific citizen it is something of a surprise to learn that large parts of the body are alive and useful after the phenomenon popularly known as death has taken place. Few of us suspect, for example, that our kidneys and hearts after we have died ourselves can in most cases be resuscitated and that if by some surgical miracle they could be transplanted into another body they would quickly resume their functions. This, however, is a well demonstrated medical fact. The human heart has been removed from the body more than thirty hours after death and made to beat again. Dr. Carrel himself has taken the heart from one dog and inserted it in the neck of another, connecting the aorta with the carotid artery of the new heart and the vena cava with its jugular vein. In a few moments the live dog had two hearts rhythmically beating, one recording a pulse of eighty-eight and the other a hundred.

Science has yet framed no precise definition of death. The human body teems and quivers with life, only a small part of which becomes a part of individual consciousness. The healthy man hardly realizes the numerous and complex activities of his internal organs. The alimentary canal is the abiding place of millions of microorganisms, the activities of which only occasionally influence our daily life. Bodily tissue everywhere is constantly breaking down and constantly building up, and yet it is only in the last few years that even science has begun to understand the beautiful chemical reactions involved in the process.—McClure's Magazine.

## THE COOK'S INJURY.

### Painful to Her and to the Dinner Guests as Well.

There was company at dinner, and the platter in front of the host contained a fine roast of beef. He drew the sharp carving knife across the ringing steel a few times, just because that is a way carvers have, drove the fork deep into the steaming beef, decorated a sculping knife flourish in the air and gracefully began operations.

Two nice and tender slices clear across the roast had resulted, and he was turning off the third when the blade struck a skewer, made a sliding upward motion and came out at the top, with a result that the proposed slice looked like a frost bitten leaf curled up by the sun.

He could not say intense things in the presence of his guests, but he from his wife with a look, made a grim joke about the indigestibility of roasted hard wood, inquired whether the butcher also ran a woodyard, dug the skewer out viciously and ordered little Willie, who had made several attempts to tell something, to keep still or leave the table. His evident temper led to an embarrassing silence, and Willie saw an opening that he could not resist.

"Cook has burned her nose orful," he announced.

"Too bad," said the father, whose good humor was coming back. "How did she do it?"

"Trying to pull them skewers out with her teeth."—London Tit-Bits.

### Gringo Songs in '49.

In the gringo days, the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49, amusements and recreation in California could only be found in the mining towns when a strolling singer made an appearance in some saloon. The admission fee paid by frequent visits to the bar. The words were set to well known ballad tunes, and if the singer "caught on" he or she was rewarded by small nuggets thrown on the improvised table stage. As the old record says, they were "sung with great applause," to which was added the landlord's warning call, "Come, come, gents, don't let the barkeeper go to sleep."—"Out West."

### He Swung Her No More.

It was at a suburban dance, and the room was crowded, so much so that it was difficult to get round in the waltz without banking into other couples every few moments. A young man grew tired of it at last and thought he would suggest sitting out the rest of the dance; so, blurting out the first words that came into his head, he said to his partner:

"I say, there isn't room to swing a cat round here. Let's sit it out!"—London Answers.

### What "Borough" Signifies.

The word "burgh" in Saxon stood for "castle;" hence towns anciently erected in the vicinity of castles for their protection had this name conferred upon them, and the soldiers who garrisoned these were called burghers, so the inhabitants of these towns received the same name. These also being formed into a community, the constitution formed for their regular government was denominated the borough laws.

### The Something.

Young Man (nervously)—There's something about—er—your daughter I— Crusty Pa—Yes, there is. I had noticed it myself. It comes every night about 8 o'clock and doesn't get away until about 11. One of these nights I'm going to kick it into the street and see what it is made of.—Boston Courier.

### The Mystified Father.

"Your son," said the schoolteacher, "is very backward in his studies."

"That's funny," mused the father. "At home, in conversation with me, he seems to know it all."—Philadelphia North American.

### Monism.

Monism is the doctrine of the oneness of all things. Mind and matter, God and the creation are one and the same thing. There is no supernatural. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole," the various phenomena being merely incidental to the great unity.—New York American.

## A FAMOUS LIBRARY.

### Origin of the System of "Boning" For College Examinations.

Just before examination time college students begin to study at top speed. Usually they call that unwonted occupation "cramming," "grinding" or "boning." The first, of course, means literally stuffing knowledge into themselves. The second was suggested by the phrase about keeping one's nose to the grindstone. But how about "boning?" It was a grateful student who thus dubbed the process of absorbing information, for he named it after the "trot" or "pony" that he used.

It was the famous Bohn library of translations to which the English student resorted as an ever ready help in time of trouble. Henry George Bohn started his library in 1846 and began what afterward become a big business. For one thing, he began purchasing "remainders"—that is, the old plates of standard works and translations—and printing cheap editions from them. Bohn found the publishing of standard foreign works in English so profitable that he developed the business, and it used to pay to buy translations from poor luck A. B.'s who were glad enough to get a farthing or two for their knowledge.

Finally practically all the ancient classics and some modern ones were obtainable in the Bohn library, and so popular did they become among students who feared being plucked that Bohn's German was turned into English, and "boning" was henceforth recognized as digging into dead writers' works by means of the crafty publisher's translations.—New York Tribune.

## VOODOOISM IN HAITI.

### The Vexed Question of Human Sacrifice In the Worship.

That the hold which the voodoo worship has on the people of Haiti is stronger than the power of the church is shown by the fact that the day before the writer's inspection of a voodoo temple in the mountains, where he saw six goatskin drums, a Roman Catholic priest had visited the district and made his ministrations conditional on the people destroying their instruments, but they refused. The government does not, as a rule, interfere with the practices of the cult on account of the political influence of its leaders.

The question whether human flesh is now eaten in connection with the voodoo ceremonies is a perplexing one, which it is impossible to answer with any degree of confidence. Local opinion is divided on the matter. Some assert that the practice is secretly in vogue; others categorically deny it. No one can be found to state that he has been an eyewitness of any such sacrifice. The conclusion which the writer came to is that there is no organized human sacrifice taking place as a part of the voodoo ceremonial, but that in ordinary life an occasional instance of cannibalism occurs—its murder cases occur in civilized countries—where the perpetrator, probably from a tribe of anthropophagi, becoming temporarily insane or highly excited, reverts to the aboriginal habit. It should be added that public opinion generally reprobates the act, and the educated Haitien is thoroughly ashamed of the dark stain which lies upon his country.—London Times.

### A Pious Advertisement.

Moral suasion of the most ingenious kind is evident in the following advertisement printed in the Pennsylvania Gazette for June 23, 1787. The author of this little masterpiece is supposed to be no other than Franklin himself. "D. F." then, stands for Deborah Franklin:

"Taken out of a pew in the church some months since a Common Prayer Book bound in red, gilt and lettered D. F. on each cover. The person who took it is advised to open it and read the eighth commandment and afterward return it into the same pew again, upon which no further notice will be taken."

### The Surprise.

"That's one of the biggest surprises I ever got," said the theater manager.

"How did you get it?"

"See that man over there? He came to my office and told me that we were having a lot of bully shows this season. Said last week's production was the best yet and that he'd sent all his friends to see it. Went on to say that his favorite actor was with this week's show and he'd break his neck to get here."

"Well, where does the surprise come in?"

"He left without asking for a pass."—Cleveland Leader.

### Why Papa Was Still.

"Harold," said his mother, "you were very restless in church this morning. Why couldn't you keep still, like your father?"

"I don't know, mamma," replied the observant youngster, "unless it was 'cause I wasn't asleep."—Chicago News.

### Her Query.

"Where is my husband's valet?" asked Mrs. Sorer.

"He is fitting on Mr. Sorer's new boots, ma'am," the butler answered.

"And is my husband with him?" she inquired.—New York Press.

### A Distinction.

Mistress—Who was that gentleman that came in just now? Servant—It wasn't a gentleman, ma'am. It was only the master, who came for his umbrella.—London Tit-Bits.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Thomas Scott.

### Private Trader.

No, the private trader is not dead yet; he is not even condemned, nor will he, while he can attract and keep his customers by a careful study of their individual wants; conversing genially and appropriately and interestedly with poor as well as with rich. —London Grocer's Assistant.


BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What Is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

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FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Banking House | $ 10,694.71 |
| Bonds | 187,418.90 |
| Loans | 570,599 87 |
| Cash | 22,631.21 |
| Due from Banks | 88,514.47 |
| | $888,844.16 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Stock | $200,000.00 |
| Surplus | 100,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 31,701.38 |
| Deposits | 557,143.78 |
| | $888,844.16 |

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.


### Amendment of Charter.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., on Tuesday, April 6th, 1909, at two o'clock P. M., by the BRADFORD BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION for the improvement, amendment and alteration of its charter and that the character, nature and object of such improvement, amendment and alteration of said charter to be applied for as follows:

Enlarging the purpose for which said corporation is formed so that the purpose of its incorporation shall hereafter be as follows:—"To foster, protect, encourage and promote the welfare and interests of persons engaged in trade and commerce in the City of Bradford, Penn'a, by combining the intelligence and influence of the members against imposition and fraud, as experience may from time to time prove needful, by bringing about greater uniformity and certainty in business connections and by establishing closer ties of business association among its members; and by aiding and assisting the members in the collection of bills and accounts due and owing to them respectively."

Said application is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

W. E. BURDICK, Solicitor.


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